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Mastery for

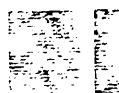
Service.



Vol. XIX

No. 3

Macdonald College Magazine



The Staff

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Junior B. H. S.

THE
MACDONALD COLLEGE
MAGAZINE

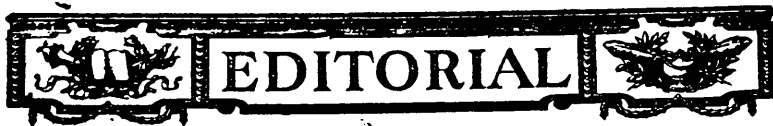
"MASTERY FOR SERVICE"

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

Vol. XIX

SUMMER

No. 3



THE year started, perhaps, with a certain amount of mixed feeling but now that we have all tasted the drink that has been our lot to share we can truly say that the Master of Liqueurs himself could not have presented a more palatable draught to us. The shaking was undeniably well done and we feel that this marks the end of an exceptionally good term—good both academically and socially.

The Literary and Debating society have afforded us entertainments which have been, on the average, of a standard which surpasses even that of recent years. The Player's club, perhaps, deserves special mention, and those that have taken part in its direction and partaken in its acting are to be heartily congratulated,—the standard of acting, to our minds, stands second to no other amateur acting in this country. If a dramatic society were established in this college it would certainly be a distinct advantage to the students who are interested in this direction,—the library of the Player's club, as it stands to-day, is exceptionally small and much unnecessary money is being spent in having copies made of one play, the copies usually finding their way to the paper basket after the performance; such expenses could be abolished and spent rather in the gradual building up of a library that would last for many years.

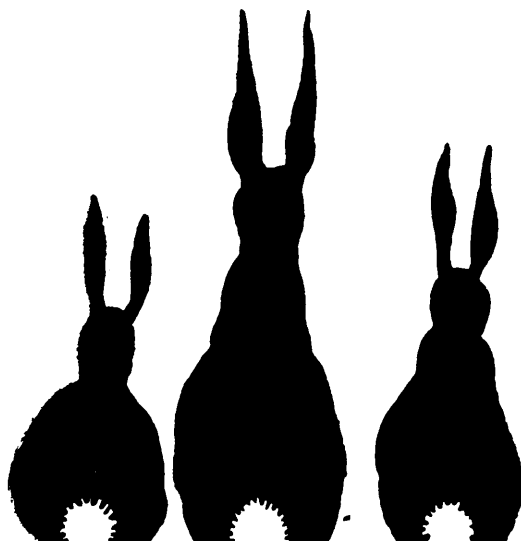
The S. C. A. functions have been well accepted by those students that attend. But now, that the session has drawn to and end, can we help but ask ourselves whether the end justifies the means? We

have, in a previous issue, taken this matter up from several angles and it is our hope that, at least, steps be taken in the future to investigate the justifiableness of this society more fully.

In the field of sport we have surpassed the records of recent years in winning the inter faculty baseball and basketball cups,—an achievement that has not been accomplished in the history of the college. In Rugby and Hockey we have not met with such success although both teams have done quite well. It is all but too obvious, however, that we owe our successes to a few players only that partake in this side of college life,—if more students were to lay aside their books and attractions from the other side of the campus, for a few nights in the week, the sports of the college would certainly attain greater heights. There is no reason why compulsory sports, as in other faculties of the university, should not be established out here, at any rate, for incoming Freshmen.

In the field of Debating the college, this year, has certainly set a standard that is a credit to the institution. The inter class debates for the Robertson shield have won greater support this year on the parts of the audience and those that have an inclination in this direction. The college were fortunate in defeating the Westerners and it is to be hoped that the candidate chosen from this institution in 1931 will meet with equal success.

In conclusion, we have to thank all the members of the staff for the aid that they have given us from time to time. Our thanks are due also to those students who have contributed articles to us during the past year. Lastly, as a student body, we owe our deepest thanks to those that have made the past year a credit to the college, and it is to be hoped that the years that follow will prove equally successful.



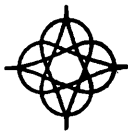
Opportunity

I loaf around the depot
Jest to see the Pullman scoot,
An' to see the people scamper
When they hear the engine toot.
But what makes the most impression
On my somewhat active brain
Is the careless folks that gets there
Jest in time to miss the train.

They rush down to the stations
With their hair all stood on end
As the platform of the tail-end car
Goes whirlin' round the bend;
An' some men groan an' cry aloud,
An' some conceal their pain
When they find that they have got there
Jest in time to miss the train.

The Grand Trunk Railroad of Success,
It runs through every clime,
But the trains of Opportunity
They leave on schedule time!
An' never are their brakes reversed—
They don't back up again
To take the folks that gets there
Jest in time to miss the train!

ARIEL.



The Onion Lady

Question: I am a widow of 43, blonde, of an affectionate nature, and weigh 148 lbs. I have been advised to take up Tennyson for my health, but have stuck on *The Lady of Shalott*. (1) Can you tell me what this poem is about, if anything? (2) Is it true that Tennyson was a native of Czechoslovakia? Clementina V. de V., Hamilton, Ont.

Answer: (1) You will find *The Lady of Shalott* quite simple, and more than ordinarily nutritious, when once you have the key to it—for like all true poems, this needs a key.

The necessity for deciphering, I might say in passing, Clementina, is the acid test for real poetry. A certain capacity is common to all meritorious works of this character. This exercises the brain of the reader, stimulates the flow of gastric juices, stirs up the sluggish duodenum, and ultimately results in photosynthesis, so necessary in the beating of the heart. It is largely because of its lack of subtlety that the recently popular *vers libre* is no longer recommended by the best physicians.

To come back to *The Lady of Shalott*. At first glance the poem means little or nothing. Yet one word, and the whole thing opens up like an over-full travelling bag, to disclose unexpected things within—in the form of certain valuable lessons in achieving personal popularity. That word is 'Shalott'.

If you, dear lady, will take the trouble to look up the word 'shallot' in the Standard Dictionary, you will find it defined as "an onion-like culinary vegetable (*Allium ascelonicum*) allied to garlic but having milder bulbs." All of which means that the shallot is one kind of spring onion.

Does not this make the poem clear? So well known is her love for this tasty but odoriferous vegetable that our heroine has earned for herself the opprobrious title of the Lady of Shalott—in other words "the onion lady".

Now, let us run over the poem, very hurriedly, and see whether it is not intelligible—

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye—

This gives the setting—peaceful, rural, prosperous—waving fields, well-stocked cellars of beer and whiskey—

And up and down the people go,
Gazing—etc.

Tourists, no doubt. But—

Willows, whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river—

What makes the willows blanch? The aspens quiver? the waves run so fast as they pass the little island? The answer is given a few lines farther down the page, to wit—

—the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalott.

Poor onion addict! In spite of the mildness of the bulbs, she is kept a veritable prisoner on this little island, well out of the beaten track, her only occupation that of weaving.

She knows not what her curse may be— Thus the insidiousness of halitosis. Even our best friends hesitate to tell us what we cannot know for ourselves.

Yet she is not unhappy. For friends who might not have cared to face the lady, have presented her with a mirror through which she can keep in touch with them and with affairs outside without giving offense. And, content with the view of life she has in this device, she peacefully pursues her way through Part II of the poem.

But in Part III comes a handsome young blade—Sir Lancelot, no less. As might be expected, no sooner does she clap eyes on his image in her mirror than our Lady is up and at the window—against all the advice given her by her friends. And with what dire results!

Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
The Lady of Shalott.

In other words, her breath blew the curtains clean away; and the mirror, suddenly released from its pressure, cracked right across. Suddenly the truth dawns upon our heroine. "My gosh!" she shrieks "I've got halitosis."

And then in Part IV we have the tragedy continuing to its inevitable conclusion. Plunged into misery by her discovery, the girl dies of mortification. Before dying, however, she gets into her street clothes and then into a punt, canoe, or what not, and drifts down to Camelot, where Lancelot boards, to die near her hero.

But even in death her noisome reputation clings to her—

Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, 'She has a lovely face;
God in His mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott.'

In other words, he stood well back, as he looked at the victim of this all-too-common habit. He said, 'She is a dandy looker; but God help her! she ate onions.'

(2) No.

—S. R. N. H.—



Recommended Thoughts

Studying the faces of his patients, a doctor must often come to the conclusion that it's a long time between thinks.



A sure cure for gossip and slander is to breathe through the nose; in other words keep your mouth shut.



Be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.—Southey.



There may be some difference of opinion whether it is better to get married or stay single, but the person with a sewer gas breath is not often called upon to make the decision!



The person who cannot bear to be alone pays a doubtful compliment to the quality of his own society.



Fretting is like a rocking chair—you can do a great deal of agitating without getting anywhere.



“These Terrible Young People”

“Youth spurns the outstretched hand of age and surges relentlessly towards its appointed goal,” says Angelo Patri. It is true. Youth must live its own life. It will not tolerate even the shadow of resistance. The elders deplore the utter disregard of youth to their gifts—to the revelations life has given them.

Youth is not so ungrateful to older people as it does not realize their claims. Youth is so busy with its own affairs that it is not interested in anyone else's. Each one has a definite purpose in life which he must discover for himself.

One father says, “My son, I will give you an agricultural training at college if you will help me carry out my life's desire to have a poultry farm. Another says, “Here is a business I have built up in a lifetime of effort. Come in and carry it on to the height of my dream”—“Daughter, why do you wish to leave us? Here is everything you want—home, comfort and love. Stay with us.” Another says, “It has always been my hope, son, that you should enter my profession.” Perhaps “son” yields; in later life his friends say, “Too bad old Peter made such a failure, he should never—.”

Youth protests against thus carrying on the life of their elders. Why should its adventure be burdened with their worn dreams?

The toddler pulls away from his mother's guiding hand. It is so all through life; the child ventures farther and farther away from the security of his home towards his dream—his adventure. Age must not hold him back. He has the impetuous courage of a “Columbus”—the courage which life has, in part, taken from older people. Thus equipped, the child steps into the unknown. Who knows what new worlds await him there?

All through the ages youth has been striving to go its own way, free and alone. “And Saul armed David with his armour, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail. And David girdled his sword upon his armour, and he assayed to go; for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these for I have not proved them.” Then David took his own sling and five smooth stones and strode into battle; and a giant fell.

The glorious youth of yesterday sacrificed themselves in the World War for their country, their loved ones, for the freedom of the youth of to-day. It is the duty of modern youth to keep faith with them and carry on the torch of liberty. Youth has ever been audacious—which is the reason that this world goes forward.

Custom, tradition, respectability have ever burdened youth. When they attempt to break away, people cry “These terrible young people.”

RUBY CHRISTIE, '29

A Love That Passeth All Understanding

REJOICE with me, for mine the destiny
 And privilege to shield from every harm
 The noblest bloom of evolution's tree,
 Essence of beauty, chastity and charm.
 Delightful was the camaraderie
 Of frank and open friendship that we shared
 But so serene and calm her dignity
 My burning, thirsting heart remained unbared.

At length I sought her answer, face to face;
 Her gaze met mine, betraying no surprise
 As with exquisite sympathy and grace
 She asked, "Is yours a love that never dies?"
 A sigh, and then, "I know not yet if I
 Should let myself return your love. How may
 I know?, e'en though you say you'd gladly die
 For me, I can no answer give today."
 "Leave me, but let me tell you what to do,
 Write out in full the story of your life
 Omitting nothing you have cause to rue
 So shall I know if I may be your wife."

Elated and inspir'd, I hurried home,
 Impatient to record an honest past
 But as forgotten thoughts began to come
 Unceasing to my mind, I stood aghast!
 For I recall'd her solemn charge, she had
 Not understood the grave significance
 Of a command to state both good and bad
 Without reserve. How slender now my chance.
 Weak!, foolish!, selfish!, Yes!, but never can
 I tell her of that secret episode,
 A crime!, no less, my God! what sort of man
 Am I, as judged by her high moral code?

Then must I lose her, lose for ever my
 Ideal, if that great sin I must reveal:
 For her sake, for both our sakes, surely
 Just one forgotten fault I may conceal.
 Suspense and anguish rack'd me, night and day
 But ever to my question came reply,
 By love and honour bound, you must obey
 For otherwise you live and write a lie.
 Weary, yet conscious of some early streak
 Of dawn, while still I sought in vain for rest

The Graduating Class in Agriculture



LEONARD ROY
FINLAYSON

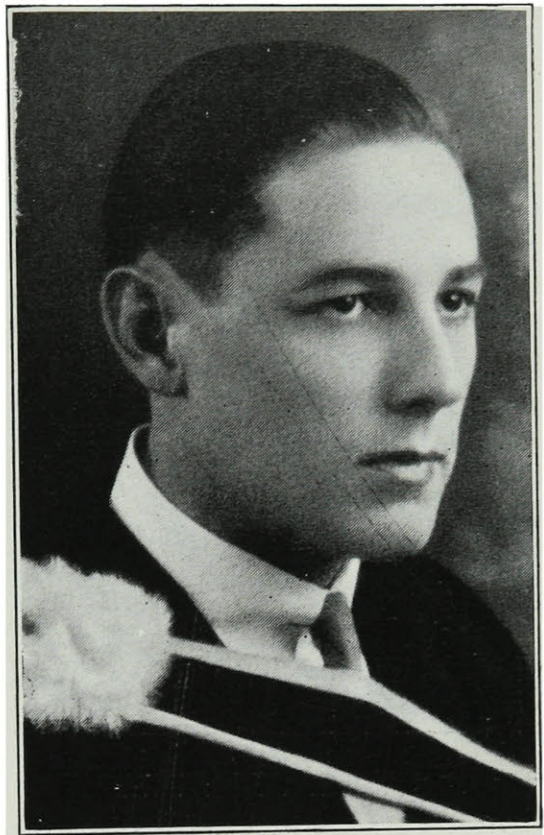
*"Late, late, so late, but we
Can enter still!"*

Born, April 15th., 1903, Montreal. Graduated High School of Montreal, 1922 and entered Mac., 1925. Class sec-treas. '26-'27; '27-'28. Sec-treas. Lit. and Deb. '27-'28. Business Man of Mag. '27-'28. Governor General's Bronze Medal and Longworth Memorial Prize.

Option.—Entomology.

Hobby.—Late Breakfast.

Favorite Expression.—"Quite so, quite so."



RANDAL EVELYN
FITZPATRICK

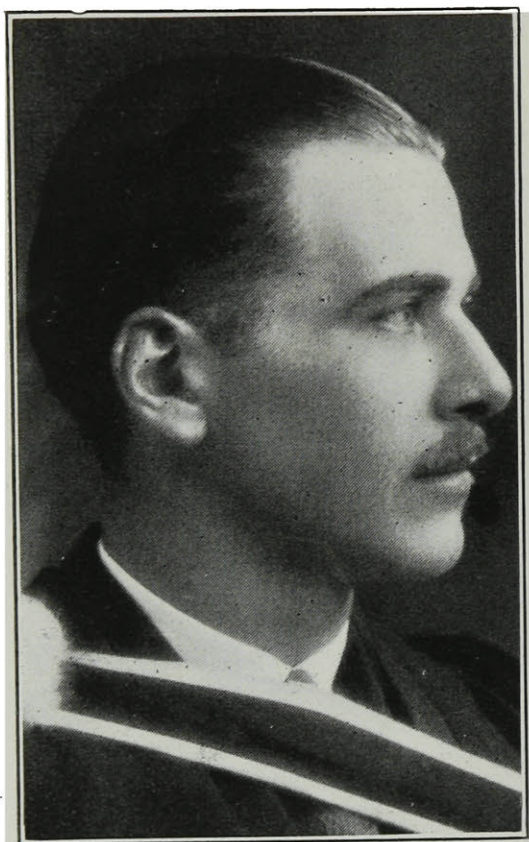
*"Take the cash and let the credit
go,
Nor heed the music of a distant
drum."*

Born, June 27th., 1907., in Barbados, B.W.I. Entered Mac. September, 1925.

Favorite Expression: Un-printable.

Pet Aversion: Chewing gum.

Option: Plant Pathology.



FRED S. OLMSTEAD.

"He hath no dream worth waking;

So he said."

Born, April 18th., 1906, at Hartford, Conn. Educated Hartford High School. Entered Mac' 1924.

Activities: Rugby, 1924-27. Basketball, 1924. Athletic Executive, 1926.

Favorite Expression: "Let's go."



EMMERSON G. PAIGE

"Kindliness is the great secret of life!"

Born, May 24th, 1905. Coaticooke, P. Q. Educated, Coaticooke High School and Stanstead Wesleyan College. Entered Mac. 1924.

Activities: Class Vice-President, 1924-25. Class President, 1926-27. Students Council. President Social activities committee. Rugby and Basketball, 1924-27.

Hobby: Athletics.

Favorite Expression: "That's great."



ALLISON DE FOREST
PICKETT

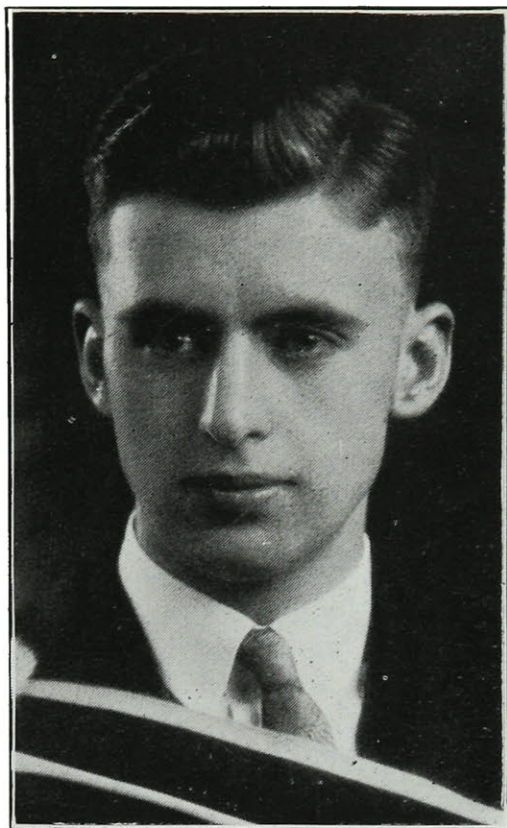
*"—Hath a lean and hungry
look."*

Born at Tooletown, King's
Co., N. B. Educated M.S.A.C.,
1924-25. O.A.C., Guelph, 1926-
27 and then realising his mis-
take he came to Mac.

Option: Entomology.

Hobby: Seminars.

*Favorite Expression: "Do
you think there will be a quizz
to-day?"*



CARLTON F. TAYLOR

Born 1906 at Williamsdale,
N. S. Entered N.S.A.C., 1923,
spent 1926-27 in Field Hus-
bandry option at O.A.C. now in
Plant Pathology at Mac. endeav-
oring to find the why and
wherefore of Apple Scab.

Hobby: Fussing?



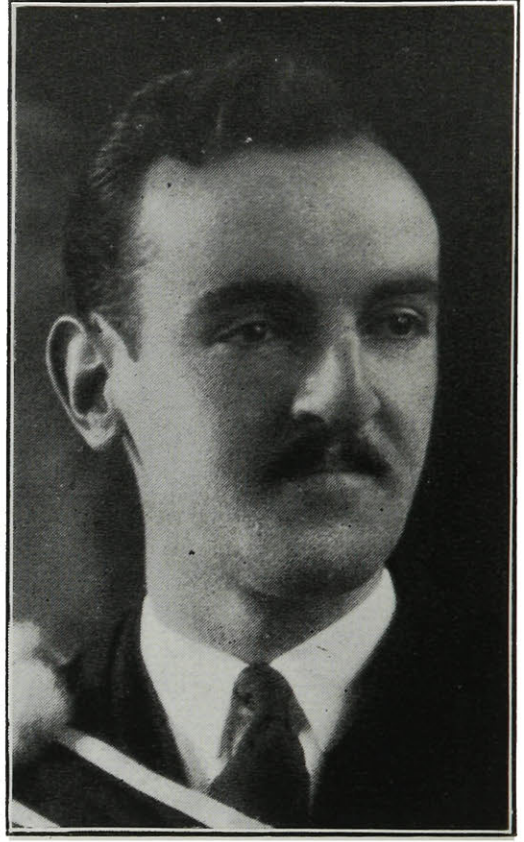
AVALON EARL
JOHNSON

*"Some have greatness thrust
upon them....."*

Born, August 8th., at Halifax, N. S., 1908. Educated. Bloomfield Academy, Halifax and Nova Scotia Ag. College. Longing for the experiences of Co-education left N.S.A.C. and entered the sophomore year 1926.

Activities: Basketball, 1926-27. Rugby, 1927. Member inter-class hockey champions 1926. Secretary, Athletic Assoc. 1927.

Option: Bacteriology Selective.



WILHELM EDWARD
LINDSAY

*"Laugh, and the world laughs
with you."*

Born, February 27, 1900, Montreal. Attended Montreal and Westmount High School—later Macdonald College.

Activities: No more than necessary.

Hobby: 8.30 lectures.

Favorite Expression: "I don't know what you mean!"



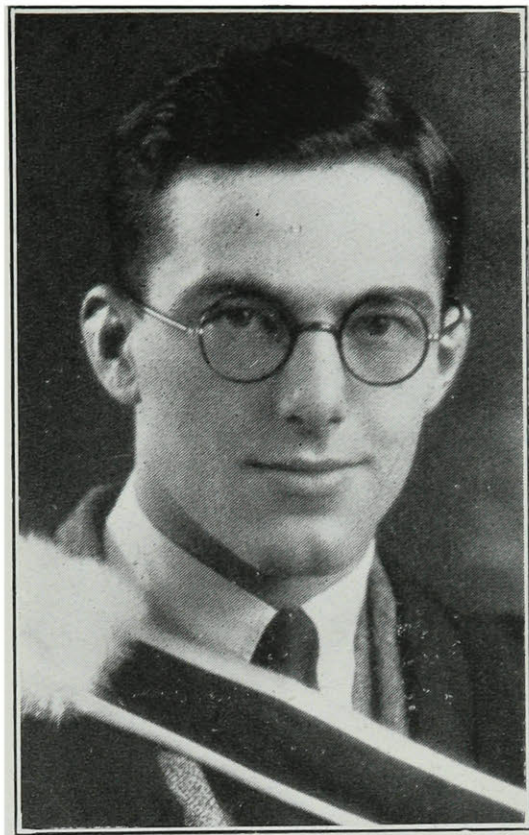
ROBERT B. McCORMACK

*"It is no sin for a man to labour
at his vocation."*

Born, April 29, 1908, at
Fredericton, N. B. Educated at
Fredericton High School and
Nova Scotia Ag. College 1925-
26. Entered Mac 1926.

Hobby: Sick motor cycles.

Option: Plant Pathology.



NORMAN B. McMASTER

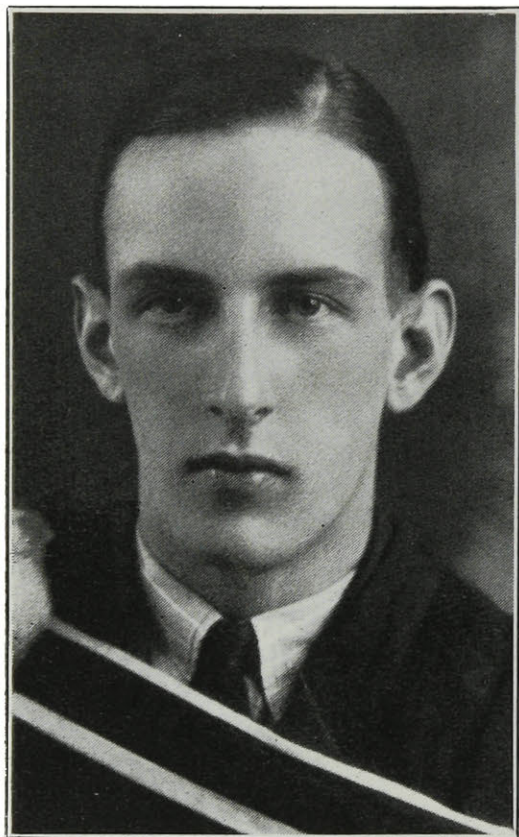
*"The reward of one duty, is the
power to fulfill another."*

Born, July 9th, 1907 in
Stockport, England. Educated
Epsom College, Surrey, Eng.
Entered Mac. 1925. Class sec'
1925. Vice president 1926. Edi-
tor of Magazine, 1927. Phil-
harmonic Society, 1925-27. Rug-
by, 1925-27.

Option: Bact-Chemistry.

Favorite Expression: "Cher-
rio, old man."





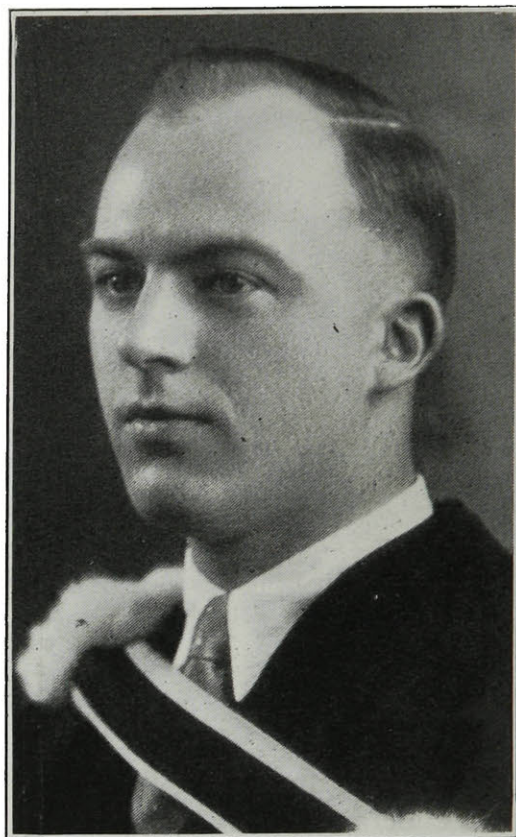
ROBERT KIRKWOOD
HOLCOMB

*"Who but a chemist can do such
tricks,*

*With things that dissolve and
fluids that mix."*

Born, Montreal, 1907. Educated Macdonald High School. Class President. 1925-26. Ambition. To "Out-Liebig" Liebig.

Favorite expression. "No, no, no, It's this way."



LORNE JOHN HOWATT.

*"Resolve will melt no rocks,
But it can scale them."*

Born, December 6th., 1898., at Charlottetown, P.E.I. Educated, St. Dunstan's University, Nova Scotia Agricultural College, 1920-21. Worked at an Experimental farm until a desire for higher knowledge naturally turned his thoughts to Mac' where he arrived in 1927.

Favorite expression: "It's questionable."



CECIL HAMILTON. D. V.
HARVEST

*"I am a pretty little flower,
Growing wilder every hour."*

Born, September 19th., 1906,
at Plymouth, Devon, Eng. Edu-
cated Wellington College,
Berks. Eng. Migrated to Mac',
1924.

Hobby.—Globe trotting.

Option.—Horticulture.

Favorite Expression: Wha..?



MADELEINE E. MERITT
HAWKES

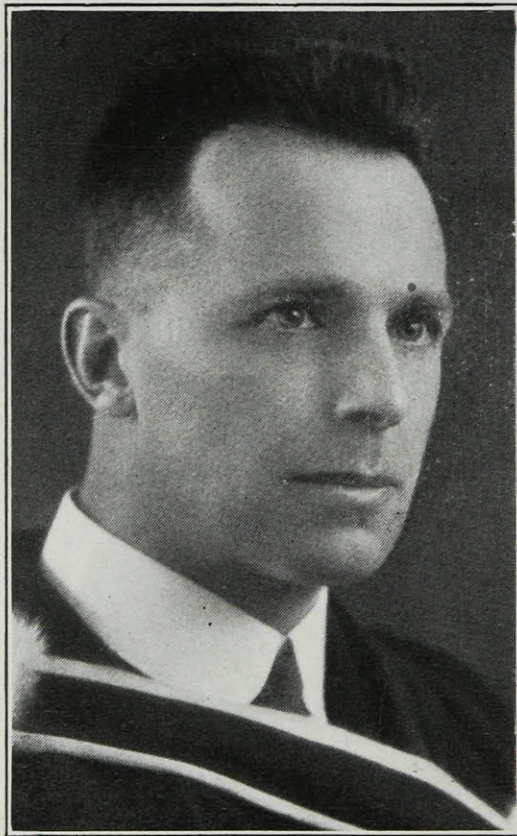
*"Full of this whim was
thoughtful Madeleine."*

Born, May 13th., 1907 in
Birmingham, Eng. Educated
Edgebasten High School. Came
to the land of the great outdoors
in September, 1925, with the
firm determination of going
back to the land.

Option: Animal Husbandry.

Hobby: Being tidy.

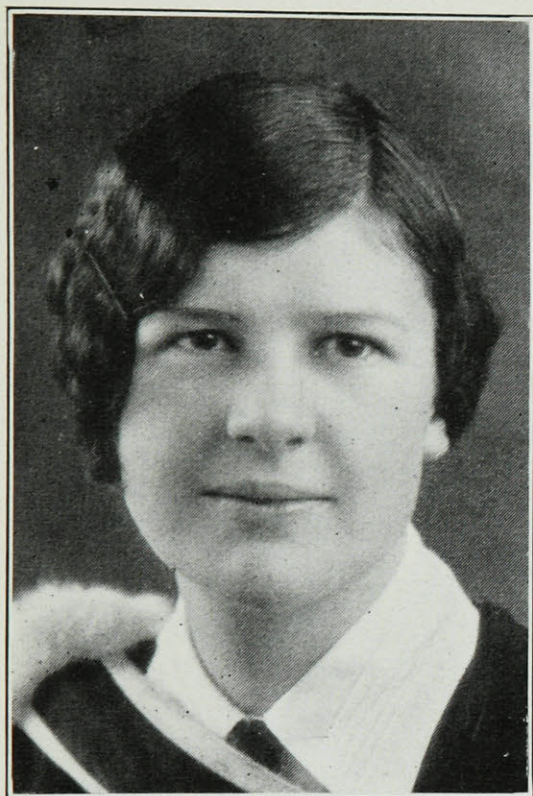
Favorite Expression: Oh,
Goody!



W. E. WHITEHEAD



Senior B.H.S.



Ada Fanjoy



Jean McDiarmid



Claire Gordon

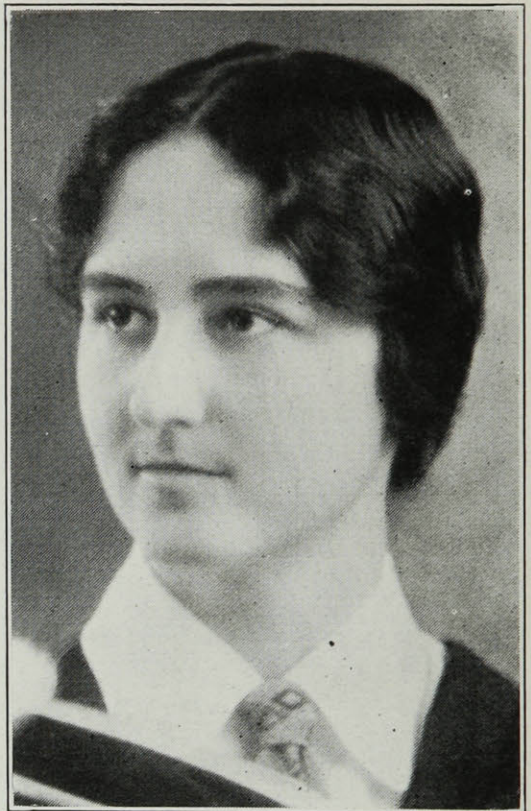


Kathleen McLeod

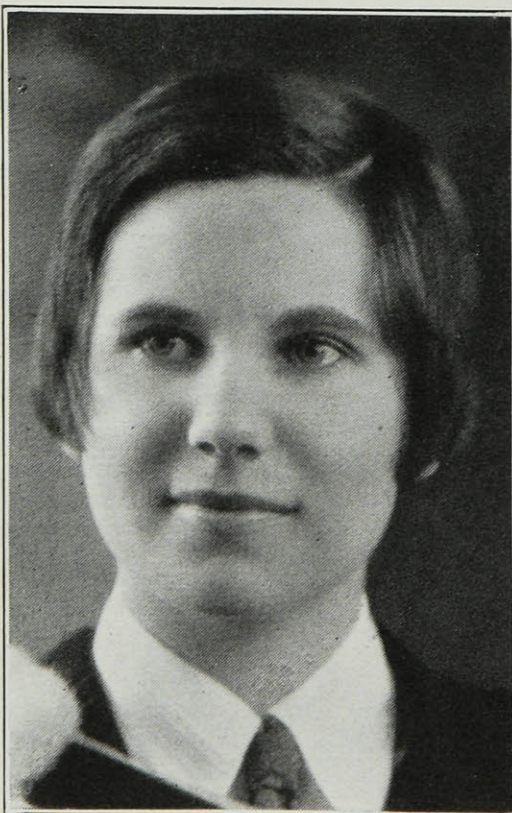
Senior B. H. S.



Jean Mackay



Margaret Gordon



Flo. Newman



Barbara Dougherty

Senior Institutional Administration



ISABEL BEATRICE BROWN

"Bea Broon"

"Calm as the night."

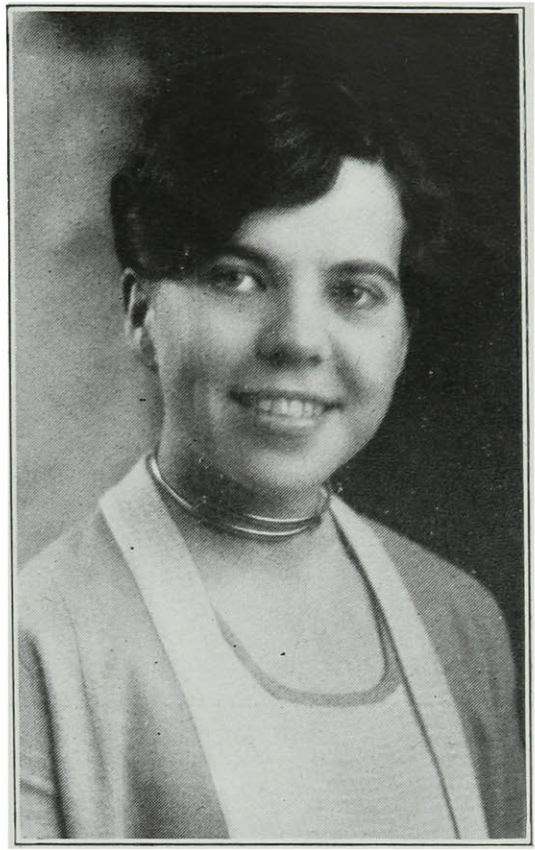
A product of Montreal High School where she learned to take notes. At a very tender age (really too young) she flew from the nest to scratch for herself at Macdonald.

Activities.—Treas. House Committee '27-'28.

Pet Aversion.—Specimens of P.G.'s.

Hobby.—Dancing.

Fav. expression.—"Isn't that the berries!"



LOUISE ANDERSON
BURNS

"Burnsy"

"Vive La France"

Daughter of the Capital City, where she followed the tortuous paths of learning until Macdonald called in 1927.

Activities.—Class representative Athletic Assn. '27 '28.

Pet Aversion.—Being on time.

Hobby.—Chemistry in all its branches.

Fav. Expression.—Oh!- — We had the most marvellous time!



RILLA C. BROADHEAD

*"The college days have their delights
They can't compare with college
knights."*

Rilla hails from Ottawa after a few years of toil (?) at Ottawa collegiate (Glebe) she wandered into Mac with the rest of us.

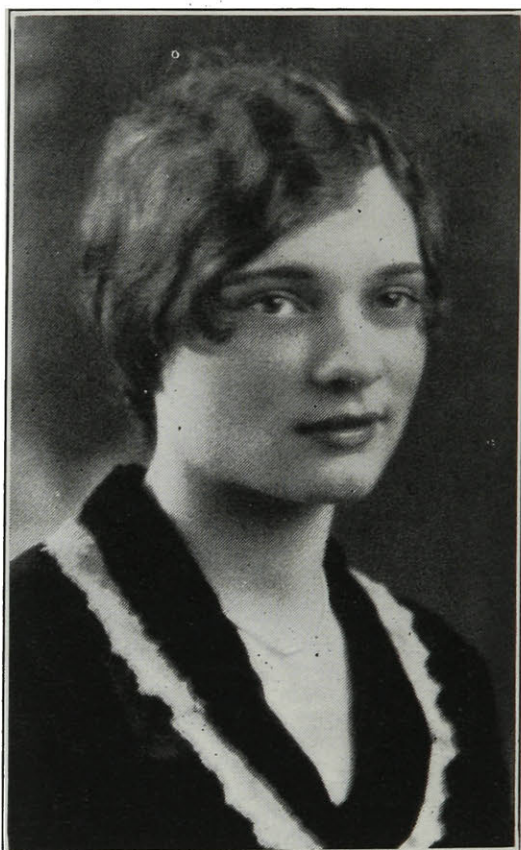
Poor girl little did she know what fate had in store for her.

Fav Expression.—"Oh, I'm so tired." "Oh. Gee."

Hobby.—Mending??

Pet Aversion.—Study hour.

Activities.—Vice. Pres. Lit. & Debat. 28-29.



GERTRUDE HELEN GRAY

"Gee"

"A wee bit o' Scotch."

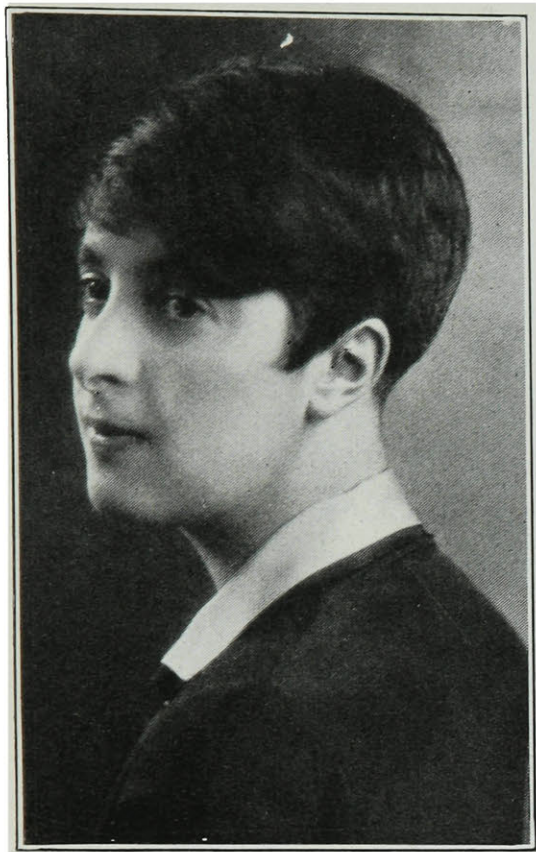
Born in Scotland but at the tender age of three, Canada called. Since then Sault Ste. Marie and Montreal have been teaching her things. And Macdonald is doing its best to teach her some more.

Activities.—Social.

Pet Aversion.—Mathematics.

Hobby.—Cutting it, then letting it grow.

Fav. expression.—Sniff, sniff.



INA LEONA ORLANDO

"Get a name for rising early and you may lie in bed all day."

First saw the light of day in Halifax, N.S. She was educated at Bridgetown High School and decided to take the Homemaker course at Mac in 1925-26. The following year she studied the finer arts and in 1927 returned to Mac to take the Institutional Ad. course.

Nickname.—"Inie"

Pet Aversion.—The "Squirt."

Fav. Expression.—"You bet!"

Activities.—You'd be surprised.

Hobby.—"That certain party" in N.S.



BETTY WHITE

"Bat".

"There's a destiny that shapes our ends."

Arrived one day in Petitcodiac, N.B., soon migrated to Ontario. Then flitted to England for 3 years and returned to graduate from Pembroke Collegiate.

Favorite Expression.—"Don't get your tail in a knot."

Hobby.—Squirming.

Pet Aversion.—Onion Omelettes.

Fav. Pastime.—"Bum's Rest."

Activities.—Rep. of Junior Ads 1928. Rep. of Senior Ads. 1929. Treasurer of Athletic Association 1927—1928.



ALICE LYALL MOIR

"Allie Mo"

*"Could you be true to eyes of blue
If Eyes of blue were true to you?"*

First showed her flaming head in Arnprior. Educated at Arnprior High School. Took a short course at Mac. Aspired to being a musician and went to Toronto Conservatory. — Last year decided to be a dietitian and came to "Mac."

Fav. Expression.—Were here!!
etc.

Hobby.—Meds.

Pet Aversion.—White faces!

Activities.—Social.

Fav. Pastime.—"Bum's Rest."



MARY MOLES— "Mousey."

*"Oh bed!" Oh bed! Delicious bed!
That heaven on earth to the weary
head."*

Mousey first saw light in Arnprior, Ontario, where she received her high school education, and came to Mac in '27 to waste some more time.

She was the popular and efficient House President for the fall term in '28.

Fav. Expression.—"W-e-l-l-!!"

Hobbies.—Asking questions and keeping Bill waiting.

Pet Aversion.—Cleaning Room
132.

Fav. Pastime.—"Bum's Rest."

Activities.—Jr. Ad. Rep. Hse.
Comm. Women's Hse. Pres.
'28.



JESSIE B. McDONALD

"Still waters run deep."

Arrived in Valleyfield on a winter night in February. There she started her career of learning in the old Gault Institute. But she longed for college life, and came to Mac in '26-27. This was too much for her, and she needed a year's rest to gain sufficient courage to return. And now Jessie is a Sr. Ad. of '28-29.

Activities.—Social.

Pet Aversion.—Rising before the breakfast bell.

Hobby.—Patching uniforms.

Fav. Expression.—"Girls —
"Think we are going to have a test."



ANNA MAHOOD

("Half gram")

*"She's little, she's wise,
She's a terror for her size."*

Born in Kingston, Ontario and was educated at Kingston, Branksome Hall, Toronto and Queen's University and then suddenly decided to come to Mac, I wonder why?

Fav. Expression.—"Is there another little squirt of coffee?"

Pet Aversion.—Dogs.

Hobby.—Week ends in Montreal.

Fav. Pastime.—"Bum's Rest."



HELEN LOUISE McKENNA

"It's a sad heart that never rejoices."

Born in Charlottetown, P.E.I. Educated at Notre Dame Academy and Prince of Wales College.

Took a Homemaker Course at Mac and decided that she did not like it so went to work for herself and taught at Mt. St. Bernard College, Antigonish. The Dietetic Field then attracted her and she returned to Mac and joined The Sr. ad class at Mac in '28.

Nickname.—"Mackie."

Pet Aversion.—Fishing Colonies.

Favorite Expression.—"Good Heavens, how was I to know?"

Activities.—Lounging.

Hobby.—Last Minute Rushing.



HENEL MAJORIE
CREIGHTON

"Murge"

"The Lord will provide."

Murge emerged from the fog-bound City of Halifax, where her early education had been gained. Business gained her attention for a time until 1927 when she buzzed up to MacDonald.

Activities.—Sec'y Home Economics Club, '27-28. Sect'y. House Committee, 28-29.

Pet Aversions.—Sleeping.

Hobby.—No. 27 Maple Ave....

Fav. expression.—"Let's buzz."





ENID N. KING

"My character may be my own, but my reputation belongs to any old body that enjoys gossiping more than telling the truth."

First saw the sunrise at Whitley Bay, Northumberland, England. Was educated at Argburth Vale High School, Liverpool, England.

Came to Canada April 4th., 1924.

Took a Homemaker year at Mac 1926-27 and the next year began the Institution Administration course.

Nickname.—Erie.

Fav. Expression.—"Listen—"

Pet Aversion.—Going to Church.

Hobby.—Keeping a memory book and a five year diary.

Activities.—President of the Home Economics Club. President of the House Committee—last term.



JOSEPHINE McGEE—"Joe"

"I would that my tongue dared utter

The thoughts that arise in me."

First arrived on the scene in St. George, New Brunswick, where she received her early education. She then went to Cony High Schol Augusta, Maine, where she imbibed considerable knowledge on certain subjects (?), and then came to Mac where she learned lots more. (From whom?).

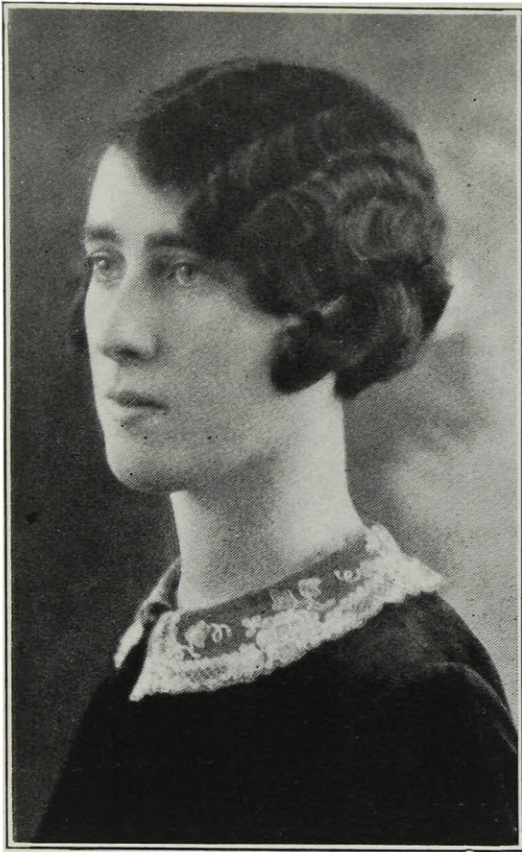
Favorite Expression.—Absolutely unprintable.

Hobby.—Telling Jokes.

Pet Aversion.—"Goody-Goodies."

Activities.—Jr. Ad. Rep. on Hse. Comm. class Sec't. & Treas. Sec't on Hse Comm.

Fav. Pastime.—"Bum's Rest."



LILIAN HEENEY

Nickname—"Heen"

*"Happy am I, from care I am free
Why arn't they all contented like
..me?"*

Heen made her debut in Ottawa and there attended Model School and Ottawa Ladies' College.

Although she has a serene and care free countenance, nothing gets by her but the wind and that has to be coming around a corner.

Favorite Expression.—"I was that annoyed."

Hobby.—"Getting away with it."

Pet Aversion.—Studying Chemistry with Half Gram.

Activities. — Class President Junior and Senior years.

Favorite Pastime. — "Bum's Rest."



GRETSHEN KASTNER

Nickname—"Kastner"

*"A little work a little play
A few love dreams throughout the
day."*

Kastner first cried at the sight of Wiarion, where she received her early education. She learned a little more at Branksome Hall Toronto, and then came to Mac to complete her education.

Fav. Expression.—"I see it, I see it."

Hobby.—Resting.

Pet Aversion.—Gretch.

Activities.—Jn. Ad. Rep. on Athletic Soc. Hockey and Baseball Sr. Ad. Rep. on Athletic Soc. Sr. Ad. Rep. on Student's Council.

Fav. Pastime.—"Bum's Rest."

Methought I stood beside her, heard her speak,
 An angel with a woman's heart, so blest
 With love and sympathy that lo!, I dared
 Reveal each hidden blemish, all save one
 Till finally, in mad despair I bared
 My soul; Can you forgive what I have done?
 Still trembling with emotion I awoke,
 Some distant steeple struck the hour of four,
 Quickly I wrote, as in my dream I spoke,
 Envelop'd it and left it at her door. . .

Can she forgive me?, what may be my fate?,
 Condemn'd by silence, curt refusal, or
 Command to hear from scornful lips, her hate
 For such as I, then see her nevermore.
 This last I dreaded most of all, when two
 Days later I receiv'd a note, Just one
 Word "Come."

"She has been dead, four years, you
 Say?, but how about the boy, your son?,"
 "The boy is well": "And your trusting chum?",
 "Still loves him, unaware his rightful name."

Her calmness now gave way to passion: Dumb
 With shame I listen'd, as with eyes aflame
 She said: "You'll go to your old friend, whose wife
 And home you so betrayed, and tell him all,
 All, ask him for your son, then place your life
 And wealth at his disposal; such a fall
 Can never be atoned in full, but
 This partial reparation I demand.
 Show me you're only weak, and not an ut-
 Ter coward, for I'd rather, a thousand times rather that he
 killed you, than to know
 That one I might have loved could perpetrate
 So black and foul a crime, yet fail to show
 Remorse; to recompense, or expiate."

Twelve months I spent in exile with my son
 But yet she still continued to ignore
 My urgent pleadings for permission
 To see her once again and so implore
 Forgiveness. Time at length brought round that day
 Of joy, Ah!, how I kiss'd her signature
 Below the ever happy words "You may"
 And then I showed my boy her miniature.
 "I've brought him to you, thinking such might be
 Your wish;" But so intently did she look
 Upon him, she neither saw nor heard me,
 But kneeling with the sweetest smile, she took
 Him in her arms and kiss'd him, so that he,

Mere infant though he was, did marvel at
Her tenderness and care. All suddenly
This sacred scene o'erwhelmed me, so that
I sat there sobbing, till I knew her hand
Lay lightly on my head, I thrilled to hear
Her voice, so vibrant with emotion and
Compassion, as she said, "Remember dear
Beloved, we must suffer to be strong."

"For suffering is strength, wisdom, the flame
That purifies and re-unites. The wrong
That you have done must always bring its shame
But that shame, dearest, I will help to bear
For like a mother will I love your son
And all your happiness and sorrows share."
Lips met, at last, two hearts and souls were one.

J. E. DAVY.



Don't run around in the rain too long to find where you can
buy an umbrella the cheapest.

It is not the man who reaches the corner first who wins, but
the man who knows exactly what he is going to do when he gets
to the corner.

Experience teaches! the wise man profits by the experience of
others; the fool, only by his own.

Pluck isn't playing the strong hand. It's playing the poor
hand well.

There is nothing so like a wise man as a fool who holds his
tongue.

We note that in a recent chess champion game, a player took
two and a half hours to make one move. Naturally there is a certain
amount of jealousy among brick-laying circles!

This Essay Writing Business

T'was a balmy day in . . . er . . . February, I nearly said May.) and the birds were singing to the tune of melting snow. There was a feeling of Spring in the air, due, I think, to a new triumph of the cooks' in disguising prunes. I was truckling over to lectures (YOU know how one does, don't you?) and in the usual way I drifted into the Post Office (No, I didn't get a letter) when I noticed a notice headed "Notice" . . . (This sentence seems to be getting rather involved and I think I had better leave it before I make it worse.)

"Well, I decided to go in for this essay competition. (Sorry, I should have written that with capitals. And I believe that 'enter' would have been a better word than 'goinform'!) The first consideration that I considered was the subject; it had to be one of interest to the fair sex as well as the male element since the winning effort was to be published in the "Mag". So you see from the very beginning things began to get complicated; they always do when you start bringing in the women. Girls always give me a (What? No, I haven't any string What did you say? Fair hair and blue eyes? HOW unusual!!!! Doesn't happen to be bowlegged, does she? Oh, not that one . . . No, no, NO, I am not going to fuss this year.) . . . as I was saying,—what the deuce was I saying? Oh yes, you have to interest the female side of the campus. That makes the choice of a subject rather difficult since I know nothing of the things that interest girls. Anyhow, as Hermione said last night, "Don't worry your sweet head about that" (She was referring to some of her new "Stay-fast" powder that had stayed fast to my coat). Nice girl, Hermione, . . . a pity she talks so much; doesn't give me a chance.

Now, about this essay (Now, what do you want? . . . Just come in for a pow-pow, eh? Have you no higher ambition in life? WHAT? Lend you a quarter Did you hear the door slam?) yep. this essay, this essay, oh yes, I remember, what was I writing about? . . . Oh, we had not decided, had we? Well, well, well, that was careless, wasn't it?

Quite a few subjects suggest themselves....."Having breakfast in Bed" Too Chestertonianistic, if there is such a word "Silk Stockings and how." Wouldn't interest the girls . . "The Study Hour." Don't know anything about it "The Eternal Triangle." I never was much good at geometryThe Green (Hullo, . . . Do I think it is safe to cut whose lecture? No, he always takes the roll WHAT? Answer your name for you? My dear fellow, your voice hasn't broken yet!.. As I was saying "The Green Garter" No that doesn't sound right . . . "The Black Swan, A monograph on old English Hostelryes." Could say quite a bit about that "MAC". That is a short snappy title, but could I think of anything to say that someone else had not thought of saying and said before I thought of saying and didn't say (That may sound involved but it is just what I mean, . . . if you know what I mean.)

Having quickly decided the title it is not a bad idea to put it at the top of the page before you forget it. Then leave a space and start putting the meat in. (You must excuse the colloquialism.) Then it is time to start doing a little work (Did I see Angelina in

supper? Did I——? Don't ask me why they like to go barelegged; sort of back to Nature stunt, I suppose . . . Who asked you to come in here discussing women? Came to borrow a book to read? . . . You don't want my Adam Smith? Too bad . . . Good-night . . . GOODNIGHT . . . GOOD!!!!!! NIGHT!!!!) Where did I stop when that excrecence came in . . . oh, yes, 'work'. Very jolly word, quite thrilling but too reminiscifying, if you know what I mean. But, notwithstanding, on the other hand, verily, perchance, forsooth, evenso the subject of this aforementioned hereinafterdamned essay having been decided on and the space of one line left and then the meat put in, it remains to concoct a snappy ending.

In an essay of this description having put the title on the top . . . now what was the title, blessed if I know. Ah, I remember, we hadn't decided yet (Wanted on the phone? Dash.)

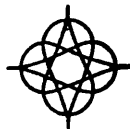
Later . . . (That woman gets my goat . . . If I want a date, *I'll* make it. Think I will let her drop really hard. Now that brunette with the yes like the side-lights of a posh car and a figure rivalling a limousine in the contour . . . I bet she has a fine top gear performance. Darn me if I am not getting poetic.) I have now been resting my posterity on a hard chair for nearly an hour and I don't seem to have accomplished much. If I am going to get that prize I must get a move on (Now what do you want? Thinking of going in for the essay competition and want me to suggest a subject, what? Why not write on the Development of the English Drama or the St. Lawrence Waterway and it's International Complications or London Sewers or Paris By Night or Jack the Giant Killer. All very fine subjects . . . What am I writing on? I haven't decided yet, lots of time . . . don't have to give it in till to-morrow) Now he has gone I can count up how many words I have written . . . 989. Only eleven more to write. (What do you want???? A pair of pliers???? Whatever for??? To mend your waste-paper basket with? Oh, righto, and when you have finished you may chuck this in it; it is no good trying to write essays in this place.)



The River

Inexpressibly tender,
Musical, low and sweet,
Murmuring, pushing past me,
The river winds at my feet;
Leaving the sunny meadow,
It flows again in the shade,
And finds a ferny bower,
Down yonder, in the glade.
Thence past o'er hanging willows,
And softly-drooping birch,
It lingers, and shimmers, and eddies,
Ever pursuing its search.
Then round yon rocky bend
It bubbles and foams and flashes
Over the jagged stones
That try to obstruct its passage.
Onward, ever onward,
It travels through shadow and light,
With ever a changing aspect,
Alluring, enchanting the sight.
Till the end of its journey is reached,
It ceases its mad, wild race—
It reaches the arms of the Sea,
And Mother and Child embrace.

E. K. J.



(Editor's Note:—We are herewith printing two articles from two of the departments of the college, not as educational treatises but rather to bring to the lecture room student's notice just what is going on, as it were, behind the scenes. We have been asked many times what professors do during the summer months; from these articles the student can see that besides lecture work, much research work is done, and it is to be hoped that as time goes on the Magazine will be able to print articles that have been especially written by the various heads of the departments.)

Department of Plant Pathology

The Department of Plant Pathology is the most recently formed Scientific Department of the College. In 1920 the then existing Biology Department under the direction of the late Prof. W. Lochhead, was divided into the Department of Entomology and Zoology and the Department of Botany with an option in Plant Pathology as its chief feature, and Dr. B. T. Dickson as head. Since its inception, the Department has taught the fundamental courses in Botany such as General Botany, Plant Morphology, Plant Anatomy, Plant Physiology and Taxonomy, but as its main work in teaching and research was from the first in the field of Plant Pathology the name was changed in the fall of 1926 to the Department of Plant Pathology.

The first studies upon diseases of plants go back into early history but the science of plant disease can be said to have taken form within very recent times. The first Professor of Plant Pathology in an American college was appointed as recently as 1907. During the last 25 years the advances in the knowledge and the development of the various organizations for carrying on the work of this science have been so striking that it has to some extent at least attracted popular attention, and at present we seem only to be on the threshold of further enlargements in this field.

The organization of this department has been then in keeping with the advances of the present times and has helped to keep Macdonald College in the forefront of Canadian Agriculture. As proof of this we need only refer to the number of students who have taken the Plant Pathology option since its beginning. Twenty have graduated in the option with the B.S.A. degree; thirty-five have taken work either as a major or a minor in the Department towards a post graduate degree and eleven now are registered in undergraduate and post graduate studies. One student taking a minor has since completed his doctor's degree in Plant Pathology at Cornell University. Two more graduates are now pursuing further studies in the School of Tropical Agriculture in Trinidad. Most of the graduates in this department are engaged in the various laboratories of Plant Pathology, organized under the Division of Botany in Canada; one is a Plant Pathologist in Mauritius, another in Malaya, another in Bermuda and a fourth in Australia. Thus

through its graduates the teaching activities of this department have had a widespread and real influence in Canadian Plant Pathology and to some extent at least outside.

In spite of a very heavy teaching program, the various members of the staff of the department have found time to do some very creditable research work and to carry on other activities. Such work as "mosaic studies" by Dr. B. T. Dickson, "the study of the cause of winter blight or streak of tomato", by Prof. T. C. Vanterpool, and "the study of association of pathogenic rotting organisms" by Dr. Machacek are definite attempts to solve fundamental phytopathological problems of great importance in agriculture and they serve to establish the standing of the Department in the scientific world. Each graduate with the M.Sc. degree has presented a thesis on some problem and these may be taken as representing research work of the staff and students. Each summer field experimental work is conducted in some land devoted to the use of the Department.

Many problems and inquiries concerning plant disease come to the Department asking for information. In this way the staff is kept in contact with the difficulties of the grower as they arise from time to time, and a number of these offer research problems suitable for post graduate thesis work.

The immediate needs of the Department call for more laboratory space and some of the equipment which has been developed within the last few years, in the newer phases of plant pathology study, such as temperature control apparatus. New equipment will always be the requirement of the workers in any branch of science, which is advancing its knowledge or extending its various activities so rapidly as Plant Pathology. It is, however, the purpose of this department to equip itself in every way in so far as it is possible to keep pace with the demands, and we hope also in this way to lead and contribute in some measure, at least, in this particular field.

We can only count back ten years to the time of the actual establishment of the work in Plant Pathology on its present basis at Macdonald College, but sufficient has been accomplished to justify a certain amount of pride in the achievements attained provided that we realize and live up to our greater responsibilities of the future.





Faculty Items

Dean Barton addressed the Ottawa Branch of the C.S.T.A. in Ottawa on April 5th, on the subject of "Co-operation in Research".

Miss Philp gave a talk during April to the Mothers' Union of St. Stephen's Church, Lachine, on "How to Plan Meals".

Two National Research Council Grants have been awarded in the Chemistry Department — one to Dr. Snell to continue work on maple sap products and one to Dr. McKibbin to investigate the cause of some deficiencies of Quebec soils and forage crops.

Professor W. A. Maw has been appointed Chairman of the Programme Committee for the Canadian Section of the Fourth World's Poultry Congress to be held in London, England, during 1930.

On March 21st, Dr. McKibbin addressed the Ottawa Section of the Society of Chemical Industry on the "Scope and Value of Soil Analysis".

Miss Babb of the Household Science Staff visited Hemmingford in the latter part of April and addressed a meeting of the Dairy-men's Association on "Homes up-to-date".

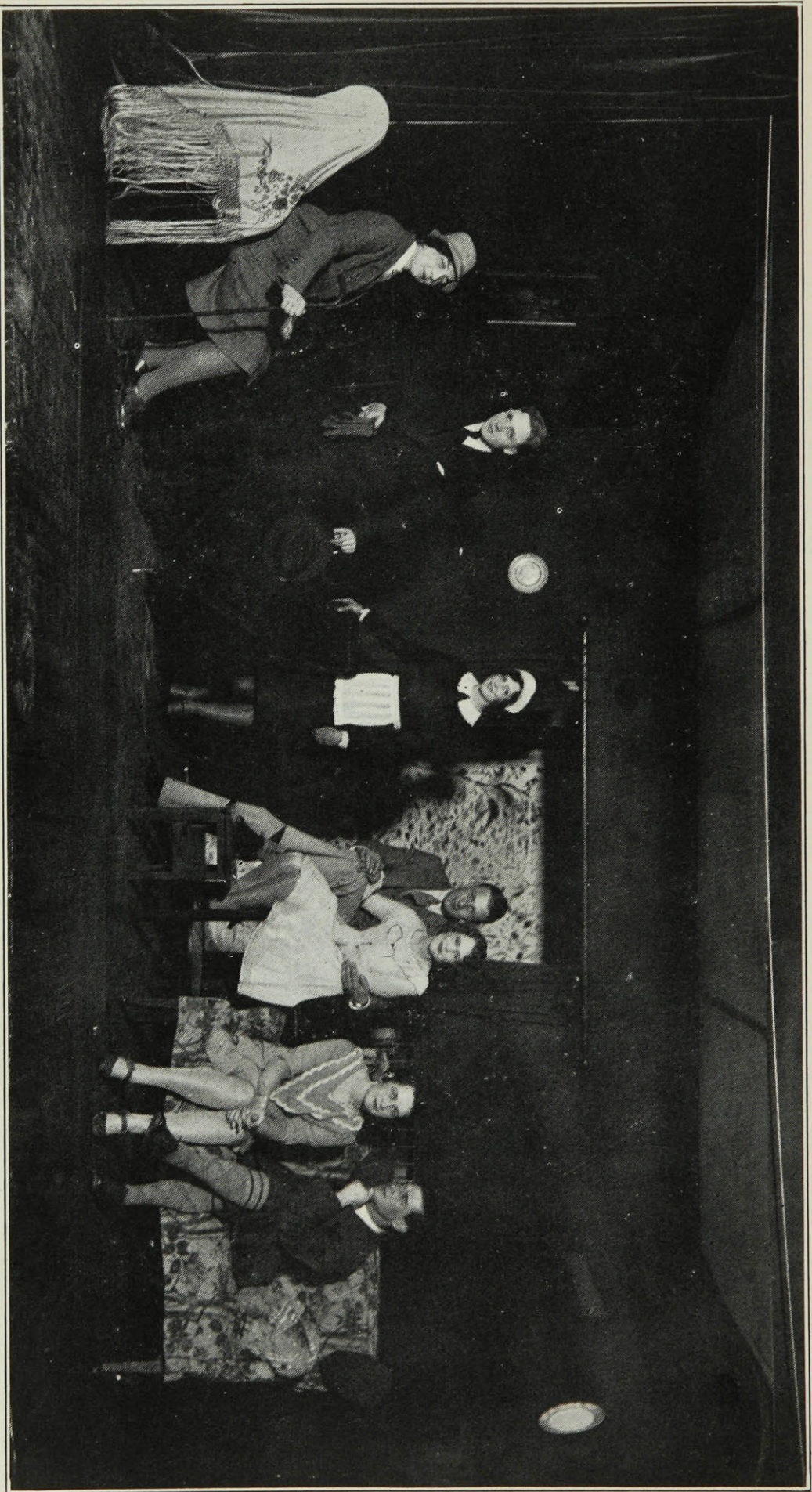
Miss F. B. Adams, who recently resigned her position on the Extension Staff of the School of Household Science, entered the Montreal General Hospital on April 1st, for a six months' course as student dietitian.

Mr. D. E. Fowler, B.A., M.Sc., formerly Assistant in Chemistry, is with the Naugatuck Chemical Company, Naugatuck, Conn. The company makes chemicals for the rubber industry and Mr. Fowler's work involves the synthesis of organic compounds for use as accelerators of vulcanization.

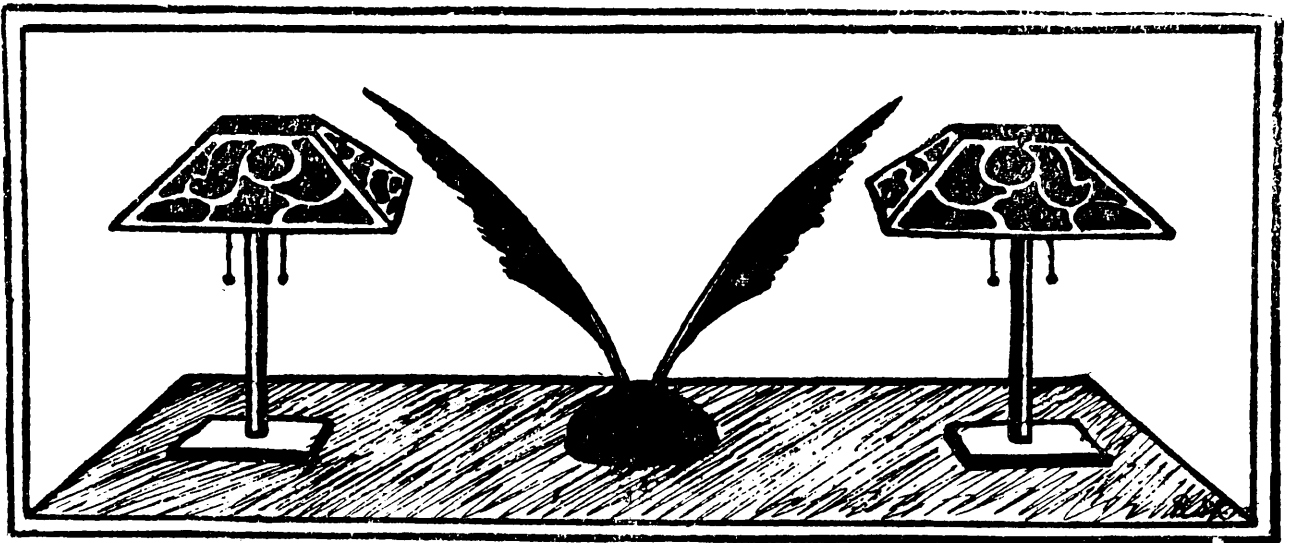
Mr. W. H. Mueller, B.A., formerly Assistant in Chemistry and now in the McGill Department of Chemistry, has been granted a Studentship by the National Research Council.

Professor and Mrs. E. A. Lods are the proud parents of Margaret Ross who arrived at their home on March 22nd.

Mr. A. D'Arcy Chapman, B.A., (Oxon.), D. Ed., Harvard, formerly Headmaster of Macdonald High School, and later Professor of Education at the College of St. John and St. Mark, London, England, has now been appointed H. M. Inspector of Schools at Grimsby, England.



Cast of "Mr. Pim Passes By."



Under the Desk Lamp

Answers to Correspondents

Question:—Few weeks ago I sell myself six or five feet Books with the hope to better of my Position in this life, all same advertisements. Running Laundry but I must prefer Piano-tuning. Nevertheless in Books finding quotations by Authors in no good english. Explain please of the attached sheet of Such. Thanks very Much. — Hop Sam Quick, 12345 Cadieux St., Montreal.

Answer:—You made no mistake, Hop, when you sent this list to me. As writer, editor, pedagogue and ward politician I probably have as much to do with these so-called 'familiar quotations' as any one in this city. I can tell at a glance which quotation is which, and can claw most of them into the King's English faster than the Lord Chamberlain of the Household himself. At the same time I can sympathize with you. To a beginner in English like yourself these probably look like Chinese. Reading from left to right the quotations submitted have the following meanings:

(1) *Pro bono publico*. "For the bones of the public". This device is properly used as a motto on the gates of cemeteries.

(2) *Unhand me, villain!* To see through this one, you must realize that in addition to the modern meaning of the term 'villain' there is the older one of 'serf' or 'waiter'. 'Unhand me', of course, is just the opposite of 'hand me'. So just as you might say 'hand me the birds' nests soup, waiter', you say, when you have finished with the mess, 'Unhand me, villain!'—meaning 'take away these soiled dishes, garcon.'

(3) *Hors de combat*. Literally, a war horse. This is the technical term in France for a cavalry mount.

(4) *Semper fidelis*. "always fiddling", originally applied to Nero, but now used mostly in speaking of street musicians.

(5) *Sic transit gloria mundi*. It is probable that this quotation has puzzled more people, including Chinese, than almost any other,

through its use in places that call for something entirely different. I refer to the habit of placing this inscription beneath the pictures of skulls, departed warriors and other anatomical subjects. This practice, together with the appearance of the words *sic* and *gloria*, usually lead the unwary to conclude that the phrase has something to do with death and the other world.

As a matter of fact, the first time I came across the quotation, I was somewhat puzzled by it for a time. I said, it is easy to see that *sic* means 'sick', *gloria*, 'Glory' and *Mundi*, 'Monday'; and the dictionary gives *transit* the meaning of 'cross over'. The phrase then must mean, 'The sick cross over to Glory on Monday.' A neat solution, but one, I soon saw, that was too sweeping in its assertion. A friend, who had dropped in on me that evening, then suggested that the sticker must be the word *transit*, that the real word might be 'transient', and, said he, who are the transients of this world if not our commercial travellers? So we tried 'Sick commercial travellers go to Glory on Monday.' Here again we were in difficulties, however, for not only was there plenty of evidence that commercial travellers departed this life on other days of the week, what with train wrecks, irate husbands and hotel meals — but also we were unable to find anyone who held out any hope of the ultimate beatitude of a single commercial traveller.

Then it was that I saw that the only way to arrive at any reasonable sort of solution was to disassociate the phrase from its ghastly surroundings — that the only really morbid thing about it was the dead language in which it was couched. So I got a polyglot dictionary and started in. To my surprise *sic* had nothing to do with bodily disorders. It proved to be a Scotch word, the feminine of *hic*, meaning 'thus'. Thus this 'thus' finally fixed it. The whole thing was now clear. — 'Thus departs our glory on Monday' — evidently referring to that indigo feeling that we have on Monday as we turn officeward after a week-end of golf.

(6) *Adelig und edel sind zweierlei* This refers to a fizzing drink common amongst the Esquimaux.

(7), (8), and (9), being in Greek characters, if, indeed, the Greeks ever had any characters (Virgil gives them none), are beyond the capacity of the linotypes of this paper. Since (8) seems to refer to a scarcity of bananas, I suggest that you take the lot of them to the nearest fruit store and trade them in for ice-cream checks.

(10) *Chacun a son goût*—'Each to his gout'—from placards placed in the boarding houses of Bath when gout was still a popular pastime in England. The meaning of the sign was that each should look after his own toes, that the management took no responsible for feet unless they were checked at the office.

(11) *Mens sana in corpore sano* Many have taken *mens* to be the double plural of a common English word (like 'children' or 'soup'), and so have arrived at such foolish translations as 'Sane men in municipal (or 'of the corporation') sanitarium.' The truth of the matter is that *mens* is a foreign word, meaning 'mind', that got in before the quota law came into effect. With this straighten-

ed out, the thing becomes quite simple.—*mens*, 'mind', *sana*, 'sane', *in corpore*, 'in a corporation' (front porch, stomach, etc.), and *sano*, the root from which we derive our word 'sanitary'. Put together the thing simply reads: "A sane mind in a sanitary (sweet) stomach"—or, more freely translated, "All dyspeptics are crazy."

(12) *The age of chivalry is gone* Your last quotation, Sam, is a good example of an ordinary English sentence turned into a 'familiar (and therefore obscure) quotation' by the simple expedient of inserting one difficult term, viz., 'chivalry'. This word is derived from the French *cheval*, 'horse', and the English *ry*, 'railway', and is properly used to designate the horse-drawn tram cars of a generation or so ago. It is now used mostly by octogenarians. "I well remember," says Uncle Abner, "I well remember the first time I went to New York. (Of course this is false. He's probably never been south of St. Catherine Street.) It was back in '78, before anyone had ever heard of an automobile—aye, or of an electric tram car, either. In those days a person could cross the streets in comfort, I tell you — and no police needed to save the women and children. But, the age of chivalry is gone!"

"GWENDOLINE".—If the freckles on the face are not numerous they may be removed with a penknife. If they have been allowed to spread, however, the asphalt treatment is recommended. This is given as follows: first plaster affected features thickly with mud, let dry and put away in a cool place for 48 hours; remove mud with any household cleaning mixture, being careful not to work near a naked flame if mixture contains benzine; immerse face in cooking fat, tar or crude oil which has been brought to a temperature of 212° F. and leave until mixture cools; then wash under cold water tap, garnish with sprig of parsley and serve with mayonnaise or French mustard.

Question:—Will you please tell me how to set about writing humorous articles and skits for the magazines and newspapers? My friends tell me that my jokes are much better than any that Mark Twain or Stephen Leacock ever wrote, and my imitation of a Polled Angus cow trying to yodel with a piece of turnip stuck in her throat is in demand at all our undergrad. proms. — J. S., Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.

Answer:—The first thing to look to, in humorous writing, is the matter of surroundings, or as some call it, atmosphere. Some humorists do their best work in the news rooms of the dailies, surrounded by clicking typewriters and cursing compositors; some do it in bar-rooms, surrounded by glistening glasses and clanging cuspidors; some do it in jail, surrounded by — well, whatever it is that surrounds one in jail. The general idea seems to be that the wittiest shafts are loosed when the humorists brain is revolving at a high rate of speed induced by external stimuli of a pyromorphous or quadricapsular nature. Perhaps you might try to do your work in a boiler factory or a glue works. Either should give you the necessary atmosphere.

This matter settled, I need only quote the following rules from the *Joke-makers' Manual*, p. 743:

1. Seat yourself at a desk, table or packing case on which paper may be held, pinned or pasted.
2. Sit squarely before desk if desk be a square one, upright if you are using the music rack of a piano, while if table be round sit around it.
3. Place feet firmly on floor, facing either forward or backward.
4. While too upright a position makes it impossible to see what is being written unless one peeks over one's shoulder, one should not loop the spine.
5. Now take pen in hand, grasping it firmly about midway up the shaft, using the overlocking grip preferably.
6. Think of something funny.
7. Put this down on right side of paper, using reverse side for kindling fires, etc.
8. When brain will no longer beat, stop.
9. Discard first and last pages of piece, also others if sketch runs to more than two pages in length.

Your material should now be ready for the waste paper basket. You may either throw it there yourself, or mail it to the editor of *Life* or *Judge*. Either will be only too glad to do it for you, provided you enclose a stamp for reply.

— *Norris Hodgins.*



If a woman allows a man to make love to her in the beginning he tires in the end, and if he is not permitted, he tires in the beginning.

* * *

One of the first principles of being a gentleman is to cease telling the truth about other gentlemen in order that the illusion they are gentlemen may persist.



Agricultural Alumni

THE Memorial Scholarship maintained by the Alumni Association has been held during the current year by N.K. Drummond '28, who is registered in the Faculty of Graduate Studies of the University of Toronto. This scholarship, which amounts to Two Hundred Dollars (\$200.00) per year, is now open for the coming academic year. It is offered to members of the Alumni Association taking graduate work in any university of recognized standing. Applications for this scholarship should be sent to the General-Secretary of the Association.

We find it difficult to obtain news items of the agricultural graduates. It would assist us materially, and would add to the value of the "Alumni Column" if the different members would send in items of interest.

E. A. Atwell, '23, who is with the Forest Products Laboratories, writes us that he was married in November, last.

G. H. Bowen, '23, writes to the effect that he is enjoying his work at Columbia.

R. F. V. Cooper, '26, has completed his work at Toronto, and is now in Argentina, with the Great Southern Railway of South America.

S. Macfarlane, '28, has received an appointment with the Fisheries Experimental Station, Halifax, N. S.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lods, '12, a daughter, Margaret, on March 20th, 1929.

M. B. Paige, '21, has been recently put in charge of the Union Oil Company's plant at Kamloops, B.C.



S. S. Munroe of the Poultry option has just recently won a scholarship for two hundred and fifty dollars, awarded by a United States university and open to all students throughout the States and Canada. The subject of his submitted paper was "The value of feeding Cod Liver Oil."

Mr. Pim Passes By

AN investigation into the origin of what might be termed Popular Fallacies would be likely to yield material of interest to the psychologist. Some misconceptions are so widely held and so firmly established that the causes of such hardy and prolific growth become matters for wonder and conjecture.

It would appear that the chief medium of propagation of untruth is the writer who has been fortunate enough to gain popularity in a foreign country. Admirers of the theatre as a means of expression of Art claim that the drama possesses both aesthetic and historical value in so far as it reflects the manners and customs of the period. But in an age when amusement principally consists of a rapid sequence of pleasurable sensory impressions and when Hollywood has almost succeeded in debauching the moral and eliminating the critical faculties then there is a danger of literary extravagance and exaggeration being accepted as truth.

Where the choice of plays is determined solely by questions of money-making then these facts are not considered of importance but in a University organization which exists presumably to provide, firstly a medium of self expression and secondly entertainment of a more intellectual type they must be taken into account.

Perhaps the most successful of the valuable activities of the Literary and Debating Society has been the production of plays. The choice of plays this year has been very good and the standard of production has been very high. "Mr. Pym Passes By" was no exception to the rule. The difficulties of presenting such a play, although not obvious, are very real and in consequence are apt to be overlooked. That these difficulties were so successfully met is a great tribute to the skill and foresight of the producers.

Mr. Bishop in the part of George Marden, J.P., gave such an exhibition of English "County" stupidity and lack of appreciation of the fine things of life that even the author might have been satisfied. Mr. Rayner had the difficult part of Carraway Pim and with great skill and sympathy he succeeded in making that guileless gentleman really exist. Miss Hough shows considerable talent but it was difficult to reconcile her mixture of Pola Negri Vamp and Bebe Daniels Flapper with the part of Dinah. Miss McIntosh was exceedingly good and made a very charming and likeable Olivia Marden. Mr. Kleibs was very happy as Brian Strange for all that was necessary for him to do was to be Mr. Kleibs which he succeeded in doing admirably. The appearance of Miss MacDiarmid as Lady Marden aroused a great deal of amusement for her clothes were so conventionally English.

The thanks of the members of the College are due to the Literary and Debating Society for the excellent entertainment which has been provided this year and especially to those who have given much time and energy to producing plays. Mr. Bishop and Mr. Kleibs will be greatly missed for the Literary and Debating Society owes much to their enthusiasm and initiative. The best wishes of all whom they entertained so well go with them.

Teachers V Science Debate

This debate has come to be acclaimed as the climax of the Literary and Debating Society's activities and this year's encounter proved, as usual, one of the most enjoyable evenings of the year.

Championing the cause of equal rights for women students. Miss Barker led the Teachers, and, in a charming and well-reasoned speech, finally dispersed whatever lingering doubt the mere male may have entertained concerning his superiority.

The opposition very cunningly attempted to hoist their opponents with their own petard and Miss Kathleen Sinclair, ably supported by Miss Jean MacDiarmid, ruthlessly wielded the fearsome weapon of the weaker sex — the tongue — and triumphantly placed the female of the species on the pedestal from which the affirmative had toppled the male. Miss Hazel Sinclair adroitly surmounted the difficulty and Miss Barker, in her final rebuttal showed a very pretty wit and an acute sense of values. It was, perhaps, this final onslaught which turned the scales judgment in favour of the Teachers.

Canadian Aviation

Under the auspices of the Canadian Society of Technical Agriculturists, Major-General McBrien came before us to lecture on Canadian flying and held a large audience enthralled throughout a most absorbing address.

Doctor Lattimer introduced the lecturer in a few well-chosen words and the weight of authority which lay behind Major-General McBrien's remarks lent added significance to the picture which he painted—a picture which, drawn by any lesser authority, might well have been suspected of over-elaboration. The phenomenal rapidity of advance in aeronautics and the wonders which can be predicted for a not far distant future, must have come as a revelation to every member of the audience. We were glad to hear that Canada's position justifies high hopes.



Ideas are most accurately expressed when it is believed by might not be absolutely true. But it is only when they are expressed as absolutely true that they are believed to be accurate.

If greatness in a people requires both energy and intelligence, then a nation cannot be finally great, for energy will only last until a people are intelligent enough to see that their energy cannot take them where their intelligence would direct them.

To love life one must see life, but to love one must be blind.

Theory is the term applied by the practical man to a principle he cannot or dare not understand.

The modern play is not bad enough to be good melodrama; it is only good enough to be a bad drama.

Household Science as A Training

HOUSEHOD Science training in our schools and colleges has one or two objectives. It may be to prepare the girl for taking charge of a home, or to train her so that she may use her knowledge professionally as a means of livelihood. The former we believe should be part of the education of every girl since the great majority will later on assume the responsibility of managing a home, and if the widespread criticism of present day homes is justified, one cause is probably the fact that too many of them are badly managed.

However, it is the second objective of Household Science training with which this article is to deal. What lies before the girl who takes up Household Science as a profession? As yet it is difficult to list all the possibilities. Household Science as a profession is just gaining a foothold and while in the older centres the foothold is firm and assured, in many others it is still somewhat uncertain, not perhaps from the graduate's standpoint but from the viewpoint of those in other professions who look upon her as a strange intruder and, in some cases, an unnecessary one. As one graduate wrote recently "It was difficult beginning, as I was the first here, and no one seemed to know exactly how to make use of me, or where to put me, . . . but now the doctors are continually coming to me for diets for patients outside the hospital as well as inside."

This refers to one of the most popular fields, that of hospital dietitian on special diets. It is, however, only one of the occupations open to the hospital dietitian. Special diet work is itself becoming so specialized that, in the larger hospitals, there may be a dietitian taking charge of only one kind of disease, the diabetic patients for example. Other special dietitians may deal with nephritis, tuberculosis, etc. In addition to the special diet work in hospitals there is the administrative dietitian who organizes and manages the whole department which will include, ward diets and food for personnel and employees each department of which may have its own dietitian, as well as the children's department and the out-patient clinic. There must also be the teaching dietitian who will instruct nurses and students. The hospital, therefore, offers numerous types of work into which one may enter.

The hospital, however, is only one field. There are many others. Other institutions where food is supplied are coming more and more to depend on the trained food specialist. Residential schools and colleges, charitable institutions, hotels and clubs, all offer a choice of occupation for those who prefer it. Many are employed by business firms who maintain lunchrooms for their staffs, and find that the health of their employees is improved by this provision. Commercial restaurants and cafeterias in many cases employ Household Science graduates in their establishments.

Somewhat connected with hospital work is that of social service and public health. Some who have no desire for hospital work



Cast of "The Green and Gold Revue."

enjoy social service, a type of work which enables one to get very closely in touch with one's clients and where the beneficent results of one's labours are often strikingly evident. The visiting dietitian or visiting housekeeper is sometimes the most effective worker on a social service staff.

Teaching appeals to some and openings are available in primary and secondary schools, both private and public, in such organizations as the Y.W.C.A., and in colleges and universities. In the last named, as well as teaching, numbers are engaged in research work of various kinds. It may be in food, from the nutritional standpoint, or in regard to methods of preparation, or it may be on household equipment, e. g., efficiency of refrigerators, durability of glazes on dishes, testing of various utensils, etc. Much work is also being done in the testing of fabrics, both for clothing and household use,—weighting of silk, serviceability of various fabrics,—standardization of fabrics as sheeting, etc.

Commercial firms dealing with equipment as electric or gas ranges, or food products as flour or baking powder, employ demonstrators to advertise their wares, and, in many cases, courses of lessons on food preparation are a part of such work.

Government departments concerned with food are also likely to have openings for trained workers. Such departments at Ottawa as the Dairy Branch and the Fruit branch, have such opportunities.

Government agricultural departments also carry on extension work in districts under their supervision, and rural organization and demonstration work in connection with Women's Institutes is an important field wherever this association is established which, in Canada, is throughout the Dominion.

An occupation which appeals to many is that of conducting a tea room, lunch room or food shop of their own. The Alice Foote McDougall tea rooms in New York are examples of what an enterprising woman can do in this line.

There are those who are interested in institutional life and yet do not wish to have anything to do with food, and we find in college dormitories, and in hotels, graduates who take charge of house-keeping duties, supervise maids, take charge of linen, etc. Others may supervise the laundry.

A type of position which as yet has not developed in Canada, at least to any extent, is that of giving budget advice in a bank. A number of banks in the United States employ a Household Science graduate in this capacity for the benefit of their clients, and it is considered a very valuable form of service.

Then for those with a capacity for writing there are various possibilities, — the feature article, the syndicated articles, bulletins, conducting Household Science pages in magazines, editing food magazines, writing advertisements for food stuffs, etc.

These are some of the openings from which the Household Science graduate may make her choice according to her inclination and training. There are still other fields into which Household Science women have entered, but the above is judged sufficiently comprehensive for the purpose of this article. With the exception of the bank position, Macdonald graduates have been, or are at present filling all of the above types of positions.

Over the Dishpan



NE-two-three! Splish! Splash! Bang!" sang the dishes in monotonous repetition. First a plate and then a saucer; next a cup and then a platter—would they never cease? Or would they keep on forever, piling up, up, up, no matter how many she brushed and scoured. Martha, hoped so. There was an indescribable solace in the steady "one-two-three" of the dishes as they sank into the suddy water, as they emerged again cleansed of all taint, as bright and glistening as new.

"How like life," thought Martha. New dishes were just like children, infants, "without spot or blemish." Then they served others, became soiled by contact with life's seamy side, by contact with the mad rush of fellow men for wealth and power.

Then came the cleansing, the refining. Martha was glad she was one of the refiners, even if only of dishes. But did dishes feel that refining, she wondered, as much as human beings, as much as she herself had felt it? Did they mind being pushed down into the dark waters by some power stronger than they, and left to battle, unaided, to the surface, as best they might?

Well, at least they had the advantage over human beings. They came to the surface without a scar, while others—while she herself—ah! she had many scars to show for her struggle.

"One-two-three-Splish! Splash! Bang!" Leo was bringing more dishes.

Who had used those dishes behind that swinging door? A prosperous merchant? A tired business man? A beggar? Did they ever give a thought to what happened on her side of the swinging door? Did they, too, bear scars caused by the cleansing in the refiner's pot?

She knew that some of those dishes came from the table of the little fat man, who smelled so strongly of perfume and cigars. Leo had told her about him. She thought of his shining bald head, his ringed fingers, his general air of prosperity—yes, some people were like the dishes, they too, came up unscathed—or was it that they had never gone down?

Then there was the sad-eyed newsboy, that Leo had spoken about. She had seen him herself—a plucky youngster, who sold papers all day, shined shoes all evening, and studied all night. You could tell that he had no one to aid him in keeping to the surface of the refiner's pot—his thin, tired face, far too old, told you that, and his clothes, clean and neat it's true, but they reminded Martha of an antique that had been glued together, but would fall apart again at the slightest touch.

Yes: that was it! an antique—a priceless antique! She was wrong when she thought that dishes bore no signs of struggle! And it was the delicate china, too, that was kept, that was thought worth keeping—bearing all the scars and lines and bruises of a difficult life! There was a wonderful old bowl that was in the window of the pawn-shop she passed on her way home each night. It was cracked and patched and repatched, until sometimes she held her breath for fear it would break into a thousand pieces while she watched it.

"One-two-three—Splish! Splash! bang!" Yes, that boy was just like that, invaluable, priceless. He was already in the refiner's pot—a piece of delicate china, that would be lined and cracked and bruised, patched and repatched—and his influence would live on forever.

That prosperous business man that smelled of perfume and tobacco, his influence would end with his death. The sorrows and troubles of others had never moved him from his vast conceit. And herself—no one would remember her when she was gone. She and the little fat man were alike—the refining pot would never cleanse them to take away the bad and enrich the good: They were just kitchen crockery, not worth the cleansing.

On the other side of the swinging door Leo was confiding to a fellow-helper. "D'yuh know, whenever my back feels almost broken, I just think of the way that poor little creature works back there, and it bucks me up right away. She jist seems tuh love them dishes."

—FRANCES BALMFIRTH



For Sale

A Car called a Ford with pistons and rings,
Two smashed up wheels, and broken springs;
Has jammed up fenders and a leaky tank;
Headlights broken, and I have lost the crank,
Carburetor's in place, on the blink too,
Engine hits fine; one, two:
Side curtains ripped, the back is curved in,
Snapped off too, the shifting pin,
Has a Ford's radiator, and I swear it leaks;
Windshield's broken, differential creaks,
All tools missing, steering wheels bent.
Front tires ruined, not worth a cent,
Dash fixtures gone, rear tires the same,
Taken by a party who left no name;
The reason why the Lizzy is such a sight,
She was kissed by a street car last Saturday night.
If you are looking for a bargain, folks, just step right in,
It is still a good car for the shape it is in.

— Harrisonian —

Address of the Graduates

CLASS' 11

- Brittain, William Harold**, Professor of Entomology and Zoology, Macdonald College, P. Q.
- Buck, Frank Ebenezer**, Asst. Professor of Horticulture, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B. C.
- Gorham, Raymond Paddock**, Asst. Entomologist, Dominion Entomological Laboratory, Fredericton, N. B.
- Grisdale, Frank S.**, Principal, School of Agriculture, Olds, Alta.
- Grindley, Frederick Hugh**, General Secretary and Editor, Canadian Society of Technical Agriculture, Ottawa, Ont.
- Innes, Robert**, Deputy Minister, Department of Natural Resources, Halifax, N. S.
- Reid, William John**, Farming Middleton, P. E. I.
- Savage, Dr. Alfred**, Professor of Animal Pathology, Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg, Man.
- Spencer, Charles Martyn**, Farming, Great North Road, Henderson, New Zealand.
- Straight, Ernest Manzer**, Superintendent, Experimental Farm, Sidney, B. C.
- Summerby, Robert**, Professor of Agronomy, Macdonald College, P. Q.
- Sweet, Carl**, Chief Seed Division, Dominion Seed Branch, Ottawa, Ont.
- Williams, Charles McAlister**, Business, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
- Wood, Gordon William**, Professor of Animal Husbandry, Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg, Man.

CLASS' 12

- Braid, Whyllie W.**, Superintendent of Experimental Farm, Nappan, N. S.
- Brown, Frederick Steadman**, Asst. Superintendent Dominion Experimental Station, Lennoxville, P. Q.
- Campbell, Archibald Alexander**, Farming, Patricia, Alta.
- Davis, Malcolm Bancroft**, Chief Assistant, Horticulture Division, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
- Durost, Henry Beecher**, Extension Work, Woodstock, N. B.

- Fiske, Stewart McLeod**, Farming, Martintown Ont.
- Fiske, Kenneth McLeod**, Fleming's Limited Juniper, N. B.
- Flewelling, David Bruce**, District Agriculturist, Bridgetown, N.S.
- Kennedy, Roderick Stuart**, Advertising promotion, Manager, Montreal Daily Star, Montreal, P.Q.
- Lods, Emile Albert**, Asst., Professor of Agronomy, Macdonald College, P. Q.
- Newton, Robert**, Professor of Field Husbandry and Plant Biochemistry, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alta.
- Ness, Alexander Renfrew**, Asst., Professor of Animal Husbandry, Macdonald College, P. Q.
- Parent, Leandre Vadnais**, Manager, Canadian Cooperative Wool Growers Limited, Lennoxville, Que.
- Raymond, Lee Carleton**, Asst. Professor of Agronomy, Macdonald College, P. Q.
- Rhoades, Ernest**, Publications Branch Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa, Ont.
- Robertson, John Gordon**, Live Stock Commissioner, Department of Agriculture, Regina, Sask.
- Robinson, James Milton**, Field Supervisor, Soldier's Settlement Board, Salmon Arm, B. C.
- Simard, Jules Arthur**, District Inspector, Dominion Seed Branch, Sackville, N. B.

CLASS' 13

- Dash, John Sydney**, Director of Agriculture, Georgetown, British Guinea.
- Du Porte, Ernest Melville**, Asst. Professor of Entomology and Zoology, Macdonald College, P. Q.
- Emberly, Arthur Franklin**, Farming, Ayer's Cliff, Que.
- Gibson, William H.**, Superintendent, Dominion Experimental Farm, Indian Head, Sask.
- Gorham, Alexander Campbell**, Director of Agricultural Education, Sussex, N. B.
- Halliday, George Courtland**, Farming, Sawyerville, Que.
- Jenkins, Murray Hazelton**, Poultryman, Dominion Experimental Farm, Nappan, N. S.

King, John Kenneth, Manager, Maritime Live Stock Exchange, Moncton, N. B.

LeLacheur, Garnet, Asst. to Seed Commissioner, Dominion Seed Branch, Ottawa, Ont.

Lothian, David Ernest, Canadian Immigration Agent, 116 Union St., Aberdeen, Scotland.

MacBean, Kenneth, Asst. Superintendent, Dominion Experimental Farm, Agassiz, B. C.

McClintock, Laurence Delmar, County Agriculturist, Knowlton, Que.

Middleton, William Alexander, Provincial Horticulturist, Agricultural College, Truro, N. S.

O'Brien, George Earl, General Manager, Canadian Cooperative Wool Growers, Ltd., 217 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

Raymond, Arthur Edwin, Farming, Woodstock, N. B.

Richardson, Benjamin Billings, Farming, Oxford Mills, Ont.

Savoie, François Narcisse, Secretary and Director of County Agriculturists, Department of Agriculture, Quebec, P. Q.

CLASS' 14

Blondin, Edward Napoleon, Ralston Purina Co., Huntingdon, Que.

Coffin, Caryl Fenn, Farming, Route A, Green Cove Springs, Fla.

Cooke, Osborne Alvin, Provincial Department of Agriculture, Prince Albert, Sask.

Cowan, Philip Russell, Cerealist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

Dougall, Robert, 40 Jeppe Street, Pretoria, South Africa.

Drayton, Frank Lisle, Plant Pathologist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

Fiske, Hollis J. MacLeod, Business 56 St. George St., Ottawa, Ont.

Hamilton, David Wiley, Professor of Agricultural Education, Pullman, Washington.

Hamilton, Richard Iredale, Asst. Agrostologist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

Hodge, Clarence Herbert, Ontario Farmer Consolidated Press, Toronto.

Huestis, Ralph Ruskin University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon.

Husk, Ray Elson, Farm Manager, Holmes Farm and Orchard, Charlotte, Vt.

MacFarlane, Wimburne Laurie, Farming, Fox Harbour Point, N. S.

Moe, George Gordon, Associate Professor of Agronomy, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B. C.

Muir, George William, Chief Asst. to Dominion Animal Husbandman, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

Newton, William, Plant Pathologist, Experimental Farm, Agassiz, B. C.

Ritchie, Thomas Frederick, Asst. in Vegetable Gardening, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

Schafheitlin, Adolf Otto, Farming, Canning, N. S.

CLASS ' 15

Boyce George Coonley, Farming, Athelstan, Que.

Durling, Vernon Beckwith, California Manager, Zeltroside Chemical Company of Lakeland, Fla. 196 S. Sierra Bonita Street, Pasadena, Calif.

Evans, Harry Ilsley, soldier's Settlement Board, Sussex, N. B.

Hodgins, Ellard Lee, c/o Beatty Bros. Ltd., Smiths Falls, Ont.

King, James Hayes, Manager, Co-operative Creamery, Moncton, N. B.

MacDougall, Winfred Gregor, County Agriculturist, Lennoxville, Que.

McOuat John Egbert, Principal, High School, Pointe Claire, Que.

McOuat, Leonard Christie, Bacon Specialist, Dominion Live Stock Branch, Ottawa, Ont.

Mitchell, Homer Dean, Farming, Drummondville, Que.

Presley, Fred. Young, Business Manager, Committee on Economic Research, Harvard University, 26 Ellis Street, Malden, Mass.

Roy Harold Bower, Agriculture, Norfolk Country.

Ricker, Earl Malcolm, Director of Agricultural School, East Wey-known. Agriculture, Norfolk.

Russell, Charles, Principal, State Normal School, Westfield, Mass.

Sadler, Wilfred, Professor of Dairying, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B. C.

Taylor, Andrew Gilmore, Poultry Husbandman, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

Westbrooke, Lawrence Jay, Farming, South Bryon, N. Y.

Williamson, Harold Freeman, 276 Indian Rd., Toronto.

CLASS' 16

Biggar, Thomas Howard, Farming, Huntingdon Que.

Boving, George Bror, Extension Asst. in Agronomy, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C.

Cochrane, Edward Stanley, Farming Bedford, Que.

Crothers, Rev. Lroing W. F., Hull, P. Q.

Fraser, John Gordon Earl, Chief Ass't to the Cerealist, Central Experimental Station, Ottawa, Ont.

Gooderham, Charles Benjamin, Dominion Apiarist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

Hay, George Clunie, 1645, 17th Ave. W., Vancouver, B. C.

Hicks, Ora Campbell, Soils and Crops Division, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N. B.

Hutchings, Clarence Basden, Ass't. Entomologist, Dominion Entomological Branch, Ottawa, Ont.

Hyndman, Austin Elliot, Business, 847 Grosvenor Ave., Montreal, P. Q.

Lyster, Chester, Stockyards Agent, Dominion Live Stock Branch, Stock Yards, Toronto, Ont.

McQuat, James Harold, Principal, Elizabeth Ballantyne School, Montreal West.

Moynan, John Chambers, Chief, Division of Illustration Stations, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

Schafheitlin, Rudolf, Manager, Canned Fruit Co., Canning, N. S.

Ste. Marie, Joseph Antonio, Superintendent, Experimental Station, Ste. Anne de la Pocatière, Que.

Sutton, Walter Elbert, Farm Manager, Lyndonville, Vt.

CLASS' 17

Bothwell, Alexander Frederick, County Agriculturist, Lachute, Que.

Cunningham, Howe Symonds, Plant Pathologist, Agricultural Station, Paget East, Bermuda.

Dickson, George Herbert, Asst. in Charge of Hardy Fruit Work, Vineland Experimental Station, Vineland, Ont.

Elliott, Rowland Montagne, Hog Grading Inspepector, Dominion Live Stock Branch, 2 Youville Square, Montreal, P. Q.

Fiske, Roland, C. McLeod, Business 343 Harvard Ave., Claremont, Calif.

Hetherington, Thomas, Golbert, Supervisor of Illustration Stations for N. B., Fredericton, N. B.

Jones, Lewellyn Riendeau, Florist, Swanton, Vt.

Morris, Dr. Campwell, Dentist, Birks Building, Montreal, P. Q.

Newton, John Dawson, Associate Professor of Soils, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alta.

Roy, Louis Charles, District Inspector of County Agriculturists, Cookshire, P. Q.

Spicer, Edmund Carlyle, Farming, Spencer's Island, N. S.

Wood, Edgar, George, Superintendent, Industrial Training School Portage la Prairie, Man.

CLASS' 18

Arnold, Gilbert E., Farming, Breeder and Importer of Pure Bred Livestock, Grenville, P. Q.

Boulden, Charles Eric, District Agriculturist, Windsor, N. S.

Kelsall, Arthur, Entomologist, Dominion Entomological Laboratory, Annapolis Royal, N. S.

Kinsman, Frederick Borden, Supervisor of Illustration Stations for N. S., Lakeville, N. S.

McMahon, Enoch Arthur, Manager of Insecticides and Fungicides Division, John Cowan Chemical Co., 9 Dalhousie Street, Montreal, Que.

Mace, Herbert, Sward, Farming, 38 Nichols St. Ruthland, Vt.

Reid, Robert Jack Murray, Farming, Hemmingford, Que.

Stanford, Miss Pearl, (Mrs. Paul St. Pierre,) 28 Kedsie Ave., Chicago.

Taylor, Eldon Main, Asst. Supt. Dominion Experimental Station, Fredericton, N. B.

CLASS' 19

Grove-White, Eric, Colonial Department of Agriculture, Zomba, Nyasaland, British Central Africa.

Wilcox, Charles John, Farm Manager, Kenwood Farms, Shelbourne, Vt.

CLASS' 20

Ashton, William E., Field Representative, Canadian Jersey Cattle Club, Waterloo, Ont.

Birch, Anthony Home Wyrley, Apiarist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

Derick Russell Arthur, Cerealist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

Dunsmore, Wilford Grant, Asst. Animal Husbandman, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

Hay, William Drew, Asst. Superintendent, Dominion Experimental Station, Lethbridge, Alta.

- Hodgins, Samuel Raymond** Norris, Lecturer in English and Editor, Quebec Journal of Agriculture, Macdonald College, P. Q.
- Jones, Walter Norman**, Chief Animal Nutritionist, Albert Dickinson Co., Chicago, Ill.
- Maw, William Alfred**, Assistant Professor of Poultry Husbandry, Macdonald College, P. Q.
- Ness, John Earle**, Farming, Howick, Que.
- Peterson, Clyde Farrington**, Business 10325—J124th St., Edmonton, Alta.
- Reid, William John**, Farm Manager, Rougemont, Que.
- Saunders, Leslie Gale**, Zoology Department, University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, Sask.
- Skinner, Samuel Greenway**, Landscape Gardener, Canadian National Railways, Toronto, Ont.

CLASS' 21

- Barnett, William, H.**, Live Stock Branch, Ottawa, Ont.
- Bradford, Wm. Cecil Rogers**, Farming, Lachute, Que.
- Bragg, P. D.** Address unknown.
- Buckland, Allan John**, Business, Atlas Plywood Corp., Richford, Vt.
- Butler, Henry Albert**, Hog Grader, Union Stock Yards, Toronto, Ont.
- Chauvin, Frank Bernard**, Lawyer, 720 Maplewood Ave., Montreal, Que.
- Daly, Paul Macintyre**, 263 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
- Denison, Simeon Minor**, Live Stock Branch, Union Stock Yards,
- Hay, Angus Lockhart**, Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co., Marysville, B. C.
- Hockey, John Frederick**, Plant Pathologist, Dominion Laboratory of Plant Pathology, Kentville, N. S.
- Jones, Arthur Reginald**, Manager, New Brunswick Poultry Exchange, 680 Main Street, St. John, N. B.
- Laurie, Douglas Melrose**, Farming, Hemmingford, Que.
- MacAloney, Mary**, (Mrs. C. J. Owen,) 134 North Brook, St. St. Geneva, N. Y.
- Mackenzie, John Murdoch Fraser**, Experimental Station, Fredericton, N. B.
- Major, Thomas Grant**, Tobacco Division, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
- Matthews, George Douglas**, Experimental Station, Scott, Sask.

- Milne, Arthur Robb**, Immigration Department, Canadian, National Railways, Cockspur Street, London, S. W. I. England.
- Newton, Dorothy Elisabeth**, Department of Botany, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Man.
- Norcross, Ashley Christopher**, Norcross-McNabb, Inc., 1942- E75th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
- Paige, Morton Baldwin**, Farming, Glenmore Ranch, Kelowna, B.C.
- Perry, William Thomas**, Dunwalk Farm, Far Nill, N. J.
- Peterson, Archibald William**, Live Stock Branch, Moncton, N. B.
- Richardson, James Keith**, Asst. Plant Pathologist, Dominion Laboratory of Plant Pathology, Fredericton, N. B.
- Scannell, James Wesley**, District Plant Disease Inspector, Dominion Laboratory of Plant Pathology, Indian Head, Sask.
- Simmonds, Pyre Morton**, Plant Pathologist, Dominion Laboratory of Plant Pathology, Saskatoon, Sask.
- Watson, Cyril James**, Chemistry Division, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

CLASS' 22

- Bate, Harold K.**, Farming, Black Lands, Restigouche, Co., N. B.
- Beaudin, Joseph, L. A.**, Business Ormstown, Que.
- Boily, Francois E. L. S. E.**, District Live Stock Promoter, Dominion Department of Agriculture, Sherbrooke, P. Q.
- Buchanan, James Stewart**, Address unknown.
- Clay, Harold Waldorfe**, How Grading Inspector Dominion Live Stock Branch, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
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I hear that a Zoologist has discovered a lamb in the wilds of South America that will travel at a speed of forty miles an hour. It needs a lamb like this to keep up with Mary nowadays! O.A.C.

"Sometimes," confided Mrs. Longwed to her intimate friend, "I think my husband is the patientest, gentlest, best natured soul that ever lived, and sometimes I think it's just laziness.

Collections and Collecting

THERE must be very few, if any, of us who have not collected something at some time in our lives, be it silver paper or silver plate, cigarette cards or old manuscripts.

Now, when we come to think of it, there must be something inherent in human nature which prompts this collecting spirit, because we notice it down through the ages from the most ancient times. For instance, the Red Man of America collected the scalps of his enemies—gruesome trophies of his prowess; Esquimaux collect walrus teeth; and wear them threaded together, as necklaces; fighters in early times collected the weapons and ornaments of their fallen enemies; then, as times advanced, people sought out and collected the curious everyday articles of ancient peoples; and to come down to modern times, we find travellers collecting souvenirs and almost everyone else collecting something—either photographs, old pictures, old furniture, old glass, china, or silver, ancient manuscripts—in fact, almost anything old or having historical interest.

Now people may come to collect a certain kind of thing for many different reasons. If one starts when a boy, he will probably collect stamps, or butterflies or cigarette cards. He may collect these things because everyone else is doing the same thing; or he may do so because the object of his desire is especially attractive to him; but to collect *something* is almost inevitable. A little girl, on the other hand, will, in most cases, have several dolls, or she may collect flowers or pictures.

If a person starts in later life, however, it will most probably be due to his (or her) special interest in the subject or subjects, although women are more likely to be influenced by fashionable “crazes” than are men. Perhaps I might quote this extract from a book on collecting, “The spirit of collecting is inherent in civilised man. The further we get from primitive conditions, the stronger this spirit becomes. The possessions of primitive man were all useful. Today, everyone except the very poorest can afford to possess things which are not necessarily useful, but which are acquired because they are ornamental, or strange, or have some attribute which is entirely separated from practical life. The spirit of collecting has nothing to do with taste or beauty or value; these are only the separable accidents of collecting, which, however, assume more than accidental importance after a time. But in the first instance the spirit of collecting is merely the spirit of acquisition specialised There is always a certain number of those who are entirely uninfluenced by any craze, who collect things for those things’ sake alone. These are the true collectors.”

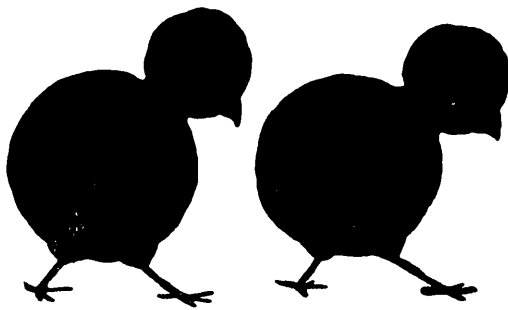
There are several aspects of collecting which are of value quite apart from the collections themselves. Of course there is the pleasure side of it, but that is easily understood, because no one collects who does not find some pleasure in doing it. Then there is the point of view of health, for it is a recognised fact that everyone needs relaxation from everyday toil, and this may be found in all hobbies, among which collecting may be placed in the front rank. There is much to be said, too, about the educational value of collecting. For

instance, a stamp-collector may get a good insight into geography or history, as may a coin-collector. The autograph-collector, if he be really enthusiastic will like to read about the people in whom he is interested. A good example of the value of collecting may be found in the case of Edward W. Bok, who rose from a poor little Dutch immigrant boy, to be editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal," in which position, for thirty years, he accomplished remarkable results. Bok started collecting autograph-letters at the age of thirteen. He had been reading of an incident in President Garfield's life, and, not quite believing it, he wrote to Garfield, himself, asking him to verify it. The General answered the letter, and then, in Bok's own words, "If General Garfield answered him, would not other famous men? Why not begin a collection of autograph-letters?" He did, forthwith, and wrote to most of the prominent men of the time—Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier, General Grant and many others—asking either for their version of certain events in their lives, or, as in the case of poets, for a stanza or two of a poem.

Throughout his whole life, Bok felt the influence of these letters. They were the means of introduction to many prominent people who were able to help him materially in his quest for knowledge and self-education; and finally, step by step to the editorial chair in Philadelphia.

This is only one instance where collecting has helped a man to success. Of course in Bok's case it was allied with his own initiative and will-power. Perhaps all would not have the same chances as Bok had, but at least all have a chance to broaden their interests and seek out some of the worthwhile things in life, for as one writer has said, "The wider our interests the broader our sympathies."

E. K. J.



What We Want to Know

Why the third issue of the Magazine is so late in coming out?

What a chemist can see in a farmerette?

Why Emm enjoyed Clara Bow in "Red Hair" so much?

Who the girl was that thought skimmed milk came from Holsteins and cream from Jerseys?

Who the Senior is who steals other men's wives?

Who the two girls were that had a motor accident between the third and second floors of the women's residence, — and got away with it!

Why Winter motoring is so popular?

Why certain Household Science girls are so interested in the colour of "Wall paper."

Was it the Hawaian music that made a certain Sing Song so successful?

Whether bare legs are the correct form of dress at a Church social?

Why girls have to buy so many stockings at Mac?

If a certain Holy one is any holier after a year's residence at Mac?

Whether the girls would lose any more sleep if the doors were left open all night?

Whether the latest books on Dieteties advise "Beef" as the only food for students?

Why a certain junior member of the staff has transferred his affections from a Forrester to a Gardener?

Whether Eric will take to Wine or Women next year?



A Famous Toast

Here is a toast that I want to drink
To a fellow I'll never know —
To the fellow who's going to take my place
When it's time for me to go.

I've wondered what sort of a chap he'll be
And I've wished I could take his hand,
Just to whisper, "I wish you well, old man"
In a way he'd understand.

I'd like to give him the cheering word
That I've longed at times to hear;
I'd like to give him the warm hand clasp
When never a friend comes near.

I've learned my knowledge by sheer hard work
And I wish I could pass it on,
To the fellow who'll come to take my place
Some day when I am gone.

Will he see all the sad mistakes I've made,
And note all the battles lost?
Will he ever guess of the tears they caused.
Or the heartaches which they cost?

Will he gaze through the failures and fruitless toil,
To the underlying plan
And catch a glimpse of the real intent,
And the heart of the vanquished man?

—Anon—



In Lighter Vein

The Man at the Wheel (noting inebriated gentleman)—That reminds me, I must get the car oiled to-morrow.

—Answers.



Customer—"I don't like these pictures. They don't do me justice."

Photographer—"Justice? Lady, what you want is mercy."



Browne—"Did you give your wife that little lecture on economy you talked about?"

Baker—"yes."

"Any result?"

"Yes—I've got to give up smoking."



Angry bus-driver to lorry driver who had cut in — "You ought to be wheeling a pram....."

Lorry Driver—"Right o' mate! And you ought to be in it!"



"They say if there's anything in a man, travel will bring it out."

You tell 'em! I found that out my first day at sea."



The Young Bride (looking in window of jewellery store): "George, I'd love to have that bracelet."

The Husband: "I can't afford to buy it for you, dear."

The Bride: "But if you could, you would, wouldn't you?"

The Husband: "I'm afraid not."

The Bride: "Why?"

The Husband: "It isn't good enough, dear."

The Bride: "Oh, you darling."

On Christmas morning the children of the house were spreading out the toys that Father Christmas had put in their stockings.

"Father," said Willie, "I wish I had got a dictionary in my stockings as well as these toys."

"Why, what did you want that for?"

"So that I could find out the meaning of the words I heard Father Christmas say when he stopped on the tacks I spread on the carpet last night."



Father of Nine Boys—There goes poor Blivens — how I pity him!

"Why does he need pity?"

He's got a girl to raise!"



Hyprocrisy is a sort of homage that vice pays to virtue. —
Thomas Fuller.



A dwarf on a giant's shoulders sees farther of the two. —
George Herbert.



He Got the Job

Convict 711—If you're going to put me to cracking stones, I wish you'd grant me one favor.

Warden—What is it?

"Lemme start in on that stone wall over there."



The Laziest Guy in the World

We know the laziest guy in the world. He's so lazy he objects strenuously to the adoption of a thirteen-month calendar simply because it would mean he'd have to tear one more leaf off the calendar every year.



We know the laziest guy in the world. He's so lazy he objects marked that the milk was still warm "They must have used the hot tap," explained the boy.

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